

The
Progressive Music
Series

One-Book Course

*W.J. Gage & Co.
Limited*

THE
PROGRESSIVE MUSIC SERIES
ONE BOOK COURSE

BY

HORATIO PARKER
OSBOURNE McCONATHY
EDWARD BAILEY BIRGE
W. OTTO MIESSNER



AUTHORIZED FOR USE IN THE PROVINCES OF ALBERTA, SASKATCHEWAN,
AND MANITOBA

TORONTO

W. J. GAGE & COMPANY, LIMITED

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PREFACE

THE Progressive Music Series, in material and plan, aims to realize the ideals of leading authorities in music and pedagogy. The music, assembled from all available sources, includes folk songs of many nations, selections by the celebrated masters of the past, and original contributions from the foremost living composers. The pedagogical plan of the series is the result of many years of practical class room experience and is in thorough accord with the conclusions of the leading authorities on child study and educational psychology.

The One-Book Course is designed to meet the requirements of ungraded schools or of schools in which several grades occupy one class room. In such schools music instruction involves many peculiar difficulties, and consequently its introduction has been much slower than in graded schools. Of late, however, the insistence on the part of parents, teachers, and Boards of Education in the less thickly settled localities that pupils in their schools shall have all modern educational advantages, has led to a marked movement in favor of regular music instruction. The growing interest in community singing has also aroused a desire for opportunities to study and enjoy vocal music. Normal schools are meeting the demand for teachers prepared in music, and State Boards of Education are looking with growing favor upon the inclusion of music among the required subjects. There is therefore a real need for a music course for schools where a complete series is impracticable, and it is this need that the One-Book Course of the Progressive Music Series is designed to meet.

The One-Book Course, like the other books of the series, consists entirely of songs; songs of the highest quality that children and adults will enjoy singing. It is in three parts. Part One includes material for the younger children or for beginners in music study. The first impressions of tonal and rhythmic groups and the first lessons in music notation are gained through the study of the songs of Part One. Part Two offers definite and progressive drill in all the fundamental problems of tone and time, and presents all the theoretical instruction necessary to enable the pupil to read simple music at sight. Part Three provides a large number of songs in two, three, and four parts, as well as a number of interesting unison choruses. These songs are designed for general assembly singing as well as for the particular study of the older pupils. The songs of this part are of a type which lends itself admirably to community singing, and

PREFACE

it is sincerely hoped that this section of the book may stimulate general community gatherings in the school houses for the enjoyment of social hours of song.

In schools where the pupils are divided into two classes, it may sometimes be advisable to use Book One of the regular series for the younger children and the One-Book Course for the older pupils.

Clear and detailed instructions for carrying on the music study are provided in the Teacher's Manual which accompanies the One-Book Course. All necessary musical information is given, as well as carefully graded lesson plans for the presentation and development of each of the problems. The Manual provides accompaniments, arranged for the pianoforte or the cabinet organ, for many of the songs of the course. A section of Folk Dances and Singing Games, with full directions, is also included.

The courtesy of the following authors and publishers in allowing the use of copyrighted poems is hereby acknowledged:

The Century Company and the authors for "The Bee and the Butterfly" by Margaret Eytine, and "Katrina" by Stella George Stern. Milton Bradley Company for "A Prayer for Little Children" by Edith C. Rice, from *Kindergarten Review*. Mitchell Kennerley and the author for "The Aspen Tree" from "The Earth Cry and Other Poems" by Theodosia Garrison. William S. Lord for "Dream and Snowflake" from "The Rock-a-bye Book" (Fleming H. Revell Co.). F. A. Owen Company and the author for "What the Little Bird Said" by Virginia Baker. Henry R. Pattengill and the author for "The Four-Leaf Clover" from "Farmerkin's Farm Rhymes" by Dora H. Stockman. Rand, McNally and Company and the author for "An Adventure" from "Other Rhymes for Little Readers" by Wilhelmina Seegmiller. Clinton Scollard for "The Holly." *The Youth's Companion* for "Harvest Slumber Song" by William Wilfred Campbell, also for "Flying Kites" and "A Valentine for Grandma"; and *The Youth's Companion* and the authors for "Master Robin" by Zitella Cocke, and "Tree-Top Mornings" by Ethelwyn Wetherald. "Sand Wells" by Abbie Farwell Brown and "Star Daisies" and "The Four Winds" by Frank Dempster Sherman are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, authorized publishers of their works. Thanks are due also to Mr. J. Norman Eagleson, Edmonton, for permission to use his musical settings and arrangements of "Peace to the Brave," "My Own Canadian Home," and "The Dominion Hymn."

Thanks are also due to C. C. Birchard & Company for permission to use the harmonizations of a number of songs from "55 Songs and Choruses for Community Singing"; also to the publishers for authority to use the words and music of the following: "Dear Harp of My Country," "The Lass of Richmond Hill," "The Cavalier," "Past Three O'Clock," and "It Was A Lover and His Lass" from "Songs of the British Isles," "In the Garden" from "Action Songs," and "A Basque Lullaby," from "Folk Songs in Many Lands," published by J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd. "Russian Harvest Hymn" from "Characteristic Songs and Dances of All Nations," published by Bayley & Ferguson. "The Musical Mouse" from "A Book of Children's Songs" by Adolf Weidig, is used by permission of Clayton F. Summy Company, owners of the copyright. The songs by Catharina van Rennes are used by permission of the composer and of the publisher, Jac van Rennes.

THE PROGRESSIVE MUSIC SERIES

ONE-BOOK COURSE

PART ONE: PRIMARY SONGS

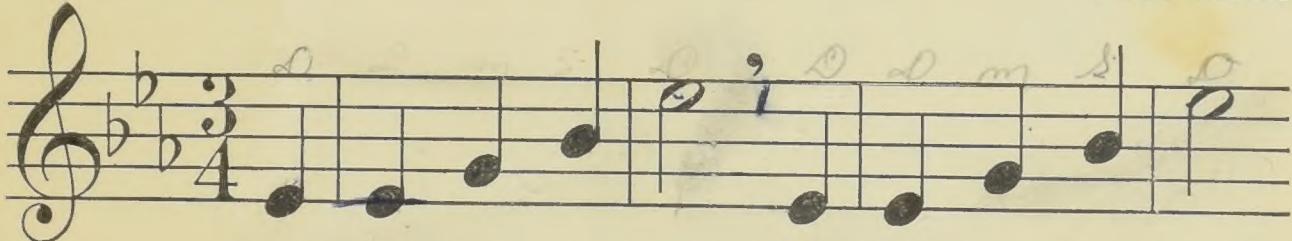
Chapter I: Melodies Based upon the Tonic Chord

Good Morning

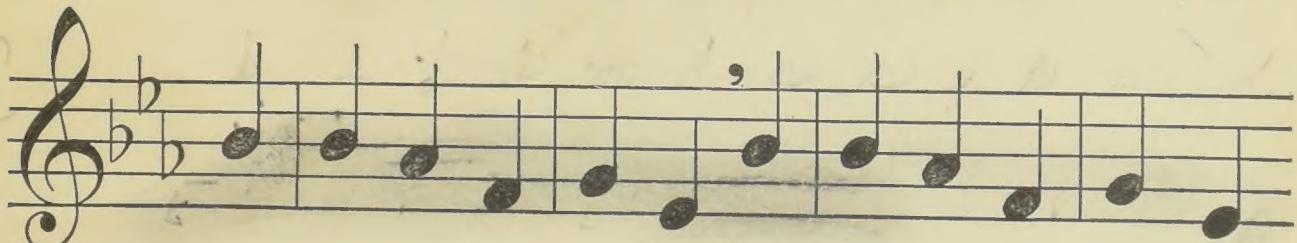
(Manual, p. 113)

Abbie Farwell Brown

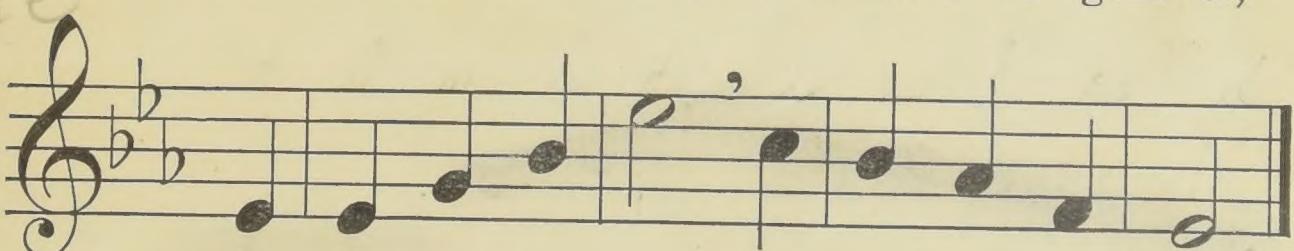
Ernst Richter



1. Good morn-ing to you! Good morn-ing to you!
2. Good morn-ing to you! Good morn-ing to you!



We're all in our plac-es With sun-shi-ny fac-es;
What-ev-er the weather We'll make it to-ge-th-er,



Oh, this is the way To start a new day!
In work and in play, A beau-ti-ful day!

The Postman

(Manual, p. 114)

Abbie Farwell Brown

Folk Song

Musical notation for the first line of 'The Postman'. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), indicated by two flat symbols on the treble clef staff. The time signature is 3/4. The notes include quarter notes, eighth notes, and sixteenth notes.

1. Post - man! Post - man! Why is he late a - gain?
2. Post - man! Post - man! Have I a let - ter, Sir?

Musical notation for the second line of 'The Postman'. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), indicated by two flat symbols on the treble clef staff. The time signature is 3/4. The notes include quarter notes, eighth notes, and sixteenth notes.

Post - man! Post - man! Where can he be?
Post - man! Post - man! Hur - ry and see!

Musical notation for the third line of 'The Postman'. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), indicated by two flat symbols on the treble clef staff. The time signature is 3/4. The notes include quarter notes, eighth notes, and sixteenth notes.

Here he comes hur - ry - ing, Here he comes scur - ry - ing.
Why are you lin - ger - ing? What are you fin - ger - ing?

Musical notation for the fourth line of 'The Postman'. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), indicated by two flat symbols on the treble clef staff. The time signature is 3/4. The notes include quarter notes, eighth notes, and sixteenth notes.

Lis - ten! Lis - ten! Yes, it is he!
Yes, Sir! Yes, Sir! That is for me!

Before and After Dark

(Manual, p. 116)

Alice C. D. Riley

Laure Collin

4/4 time signature, treble clef, key signature of one flat. Notes include quarter notes and eighth notes.

1. Pus - sy cat, pus - sy cat,
2. Dark comes down o'er the town;



4/4 time signature, treble clef, key signature of one flat. Notes include quarter notes and eighth notes.

By the fire sof - tly sleep-ing,
On the roofs you go howl-ing,

4/4 time signature, treble clef, key signature of one flat. Notes include quarter notes and eighth notes.

Snug and warm you are keep-ing.
Thro' the house you go prowl-ing;

4/4 time signature, treble clef, key signature of one flat. Notes include quarter notes and eighth notes.

Do you dream curds and cream
Quick as scat catch a rat!



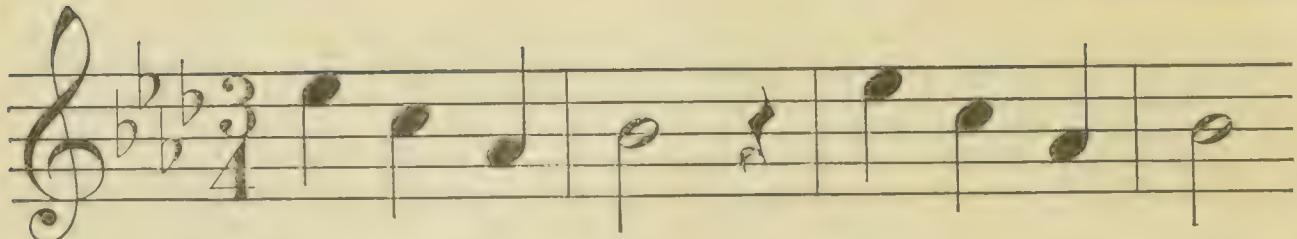
4/4 time signature, treble clef, key signature of one flat. Notes include quarter notes and eighth notes.

Make you fat, pus - sy cat?
Think of that, pus - sy cat!

Cherries

(Manual, p. 115)

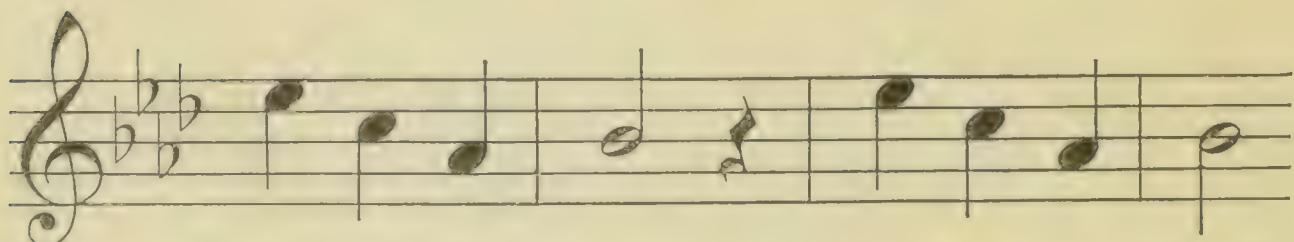
W. Otto Miessner



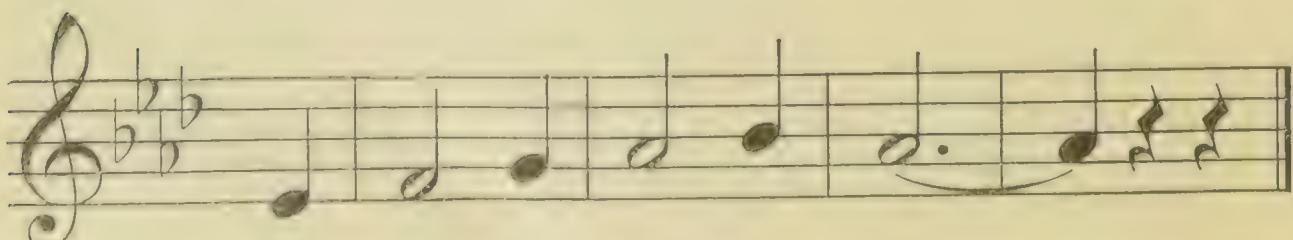
1. "Cher - ries are ripe!"
2. Cher - ries are ripe,



The rob - ins sang one day.
They're soft and red and sweet. —



"Cher - ries are ripe!"
Cher - ries are ripe,



The boys and girls all say. —
And we shall have a treat. —

At Night When I Have Gone to Bed

(Manual, p. 117)

Harriet Fairchild Blodgett

Paul Bliss

Musical notation for the first line of the song, starting with a treble clef, three flats, and a 3/4 time signature.

1. At night when I have gone to bed,
2. And there, with - in the sha - ded light,

Musical notation for the second line of the song, continuing with the same key and time signature.

All fol - ded close and safe from harm,
She al - ways smiles and seems to say,

Musical notation for the third line of the song, continuing with the same key and time signature.

My dol - ly lies with cur - ly head
When I have kissed her for good night,

Musical notation for the fourth line of the song, continuing with the same key and time signature.

Up - on the pil - low of my arm.
“We've had a ve - ry hap - py day.”

The Airship

(Manual, p. 116)

Virginia Baker

Adolf Weidig

1. I saw a fair - y air - ship
2. The sau - cy lit - tle bird - man
3. And then, a - cross the mea - dow,

Go floa - ting down the lane;
Looked like an elf, in - deed;
He steered his air - ship, light,

The breez - es bore it up - ward,
I asked, "What is your name, - sir?"
And soon, a - mong the gras - ses,

Then let it down a - gain.
He an - swered, "This - tle Seed."
It dis - ap - peared from sight.

Chapter II: Melodies Based upon the Tonic Chord with Neighboring Tones

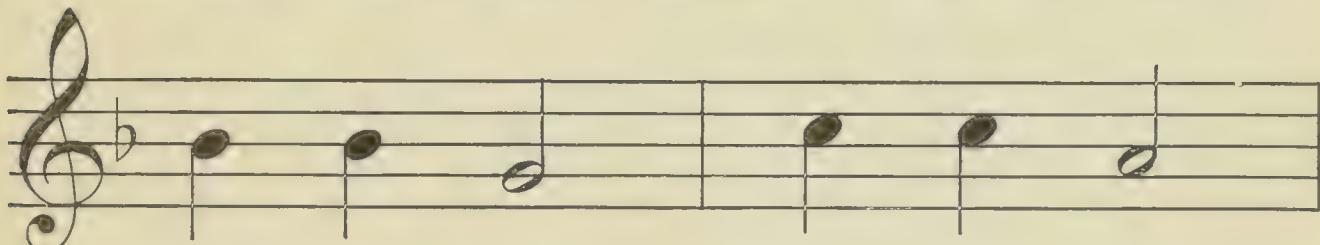
The Holiday

(Manual, p. 117)

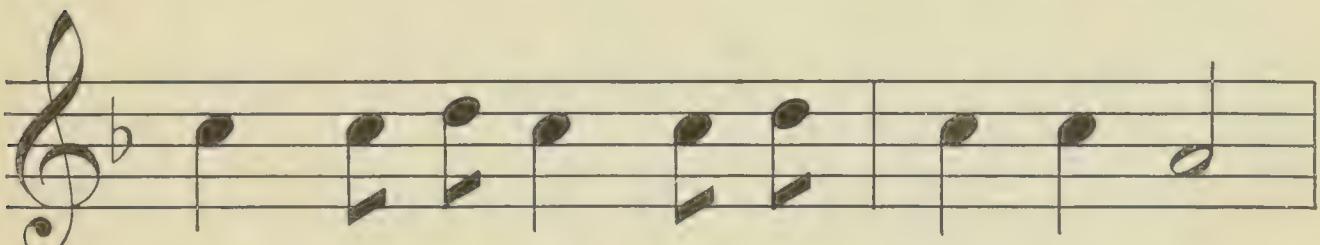
Old English Game



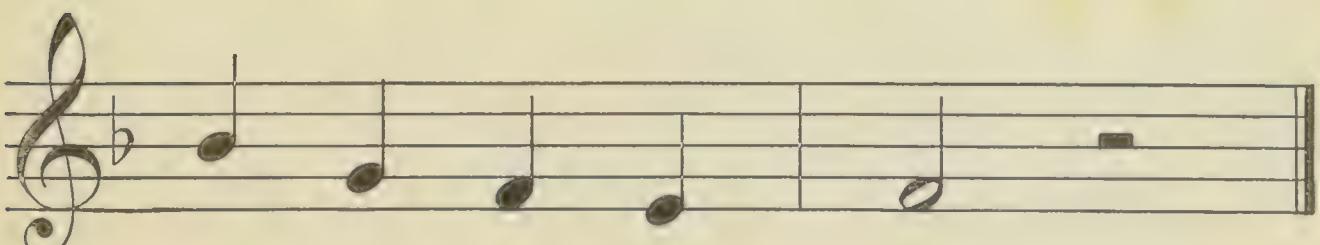
1. What shall we do when we all go out,



All go out, all go out?



What shall we do when we all go out,



On our hol - i - day?

2. We will take our skipping ropes, etc.
3. We will take our fishing rods.
4. We will take our roller skates.
5. We will take our bicycles.

Whippoorwill

Clinton Scollard

(Manual, p. 118)

Marshall Bartholomew

Musical notation for the first line of the song. It consists of two measures of music in common time (indicated by a '4' below the staff) and common key (indicated by a treble clef and a 'b' for bass). The notes are eighth notes.

There's a cry be - hind the hill,

Musical notation for the second line of the song. It consists of two measures of music in common time and common key. The notes are eighth notes.

"Whip - poor - will!" Whip - poor - will!"

Musical notation for the third line of the song. It consists of two measures of music in common time and common key. The notes are eighth notes.

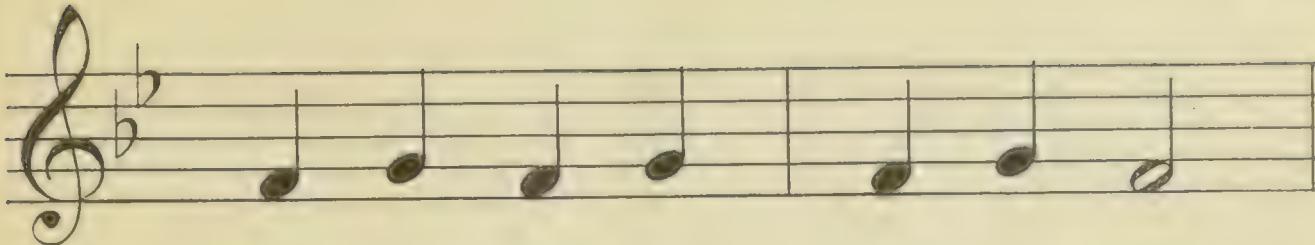
There's a cry be - hind the hill,

Musical notation for the fourth line of the song. It consists of two measures of music in common time and common key. The notes are eighth notes.

"Whip - poor - will!" Whip - poor - will!"

Musical notation for the fifth line of the song. It consists of two measures of music in common time and common key. The notes are eighth notes.

Why whip lit - tle Wil - lie so?



That is what I'd like to know!



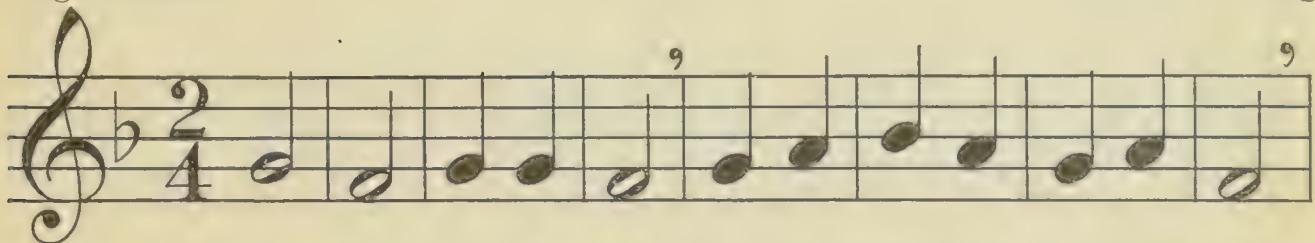
“Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will! Whip - poor - will!” _____

Dolly's Lullaby

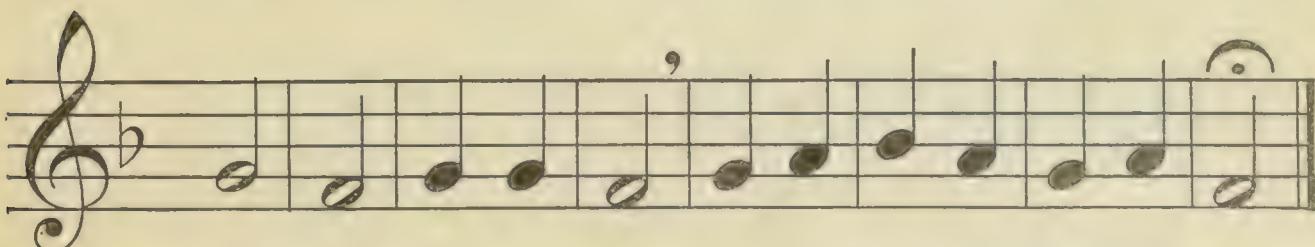
(Manual, p. 119)

Virginia Baker

French Folk Song



1. By - lo, Dol - ly dear, Go to sleep and do not fear;
2. By - lo, do not cry, While I sing your lul - la - by;



By - lo, in their nest Ba - by birds are now at rest.
By - lo, watch I'll keep, Sleep, my dar-ling Dol - ly, sleep.

The River

(Manual, p. 120)

Abbie Farwell Brown

Adolf Weidig

1. O - ver the peb - bles fall - ing,
2. Now with a rip - ple glanc - ing,
3. On with a leap and tum - ble,

Un - der the gras - ses crawl - ing,
 Mer - ri - ly on - ward danc - ing,
 In - to the roar and rum - ble,

Slow - ly the riv - er, Wi - den - ing ev - er,
 Out of the mea - dow In - to the shad - ow,
 Deep - er and strong - er, Riv - er no long - er,

Wan - ders a - way to the o - pen sea.
 Mak - ing a way to the o - pen sea.
 Now it is part of the o - pen sea.

The Farmer

(Manual, p. 119)

Old English Game

1. Shall I tell how the farmer far - mer
 2. Look, 'tis thus that the the far - mer

Sows his wheat and his bar - ley?
 Sows his wheat and his bar - ley;

Shall I tell how the farmer far - mer
 Look, 'tis thus that the the far - mer

Sows his bar - ley and wheat?
 Sows his bar - ley and wheat.

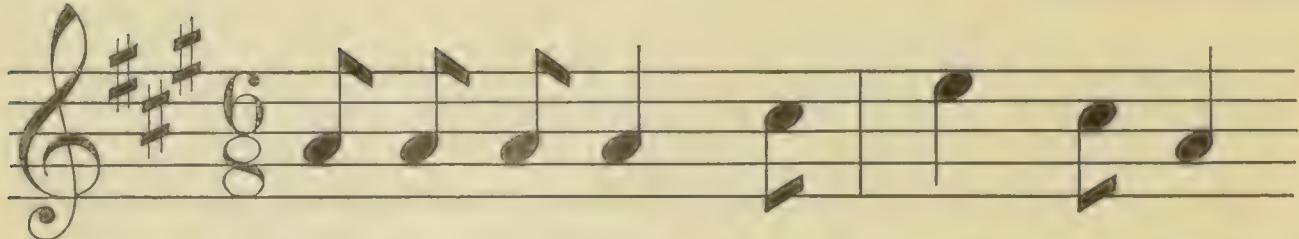
3. Shall I tell how the farmer Reaps his wheat and his barley? etc.
4. Look, 'tis thus that the farmer Reaps his wheat and his barley.
5. Shall I tell how the farmer Threshes wheat, threshes barley?
6. Look, 'tis thus that the farmer Threshes wheat, threshes barley.

Chapter III: Recurring Diatonic Figures, Simple

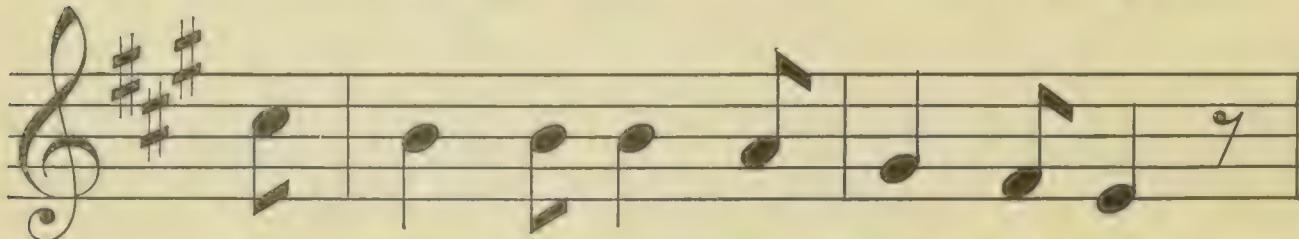
The Mulberry Bush

(Manual, p. 122)

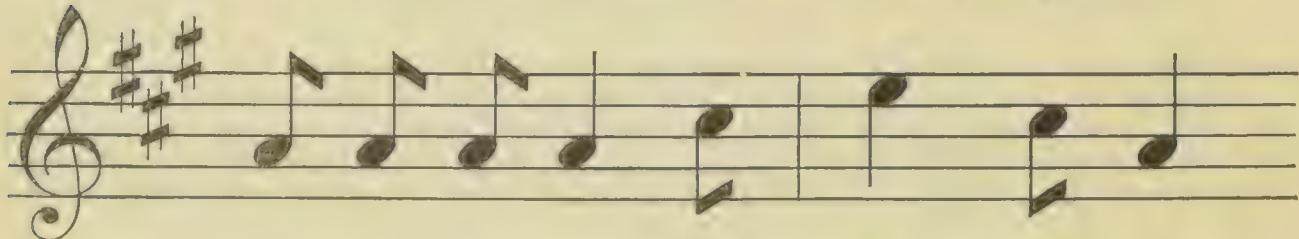
Old English Game



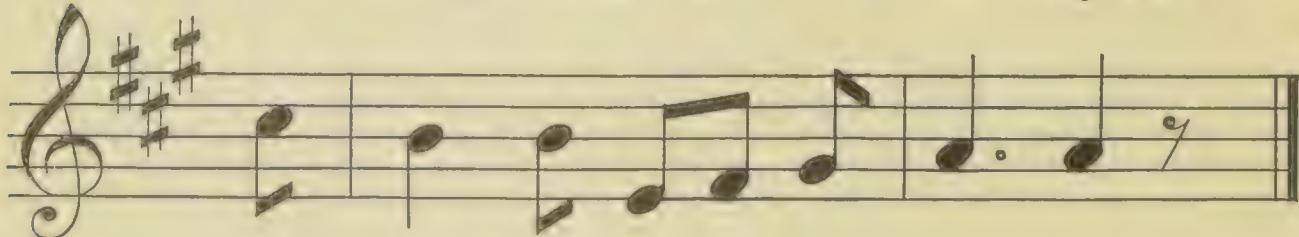
1. Here we go round the Mul - berry Bush,



The Mul - berry Bush, the Mul - berry Bush;



Here we go round the Mul - berry Bush,



So ear - ly in ____ the morn - ing.

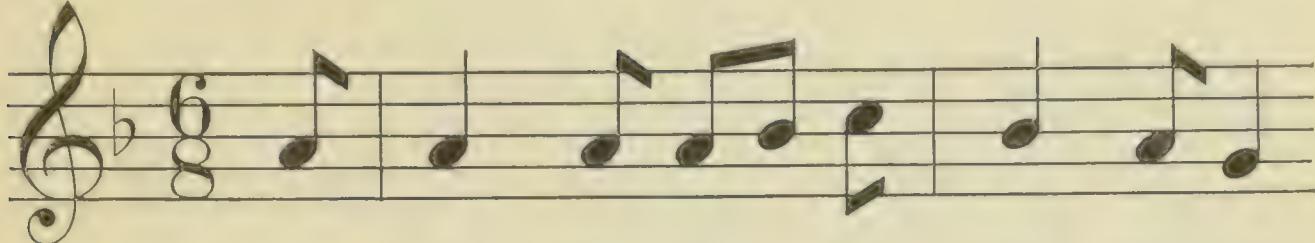
2. This is the way we clap our hands, etc.
3. This is the way we wash our hands.
4. This is the way we brush our hair.
5. This is the way we tie our shoes.
6. This is the way we run away.

A Surprise

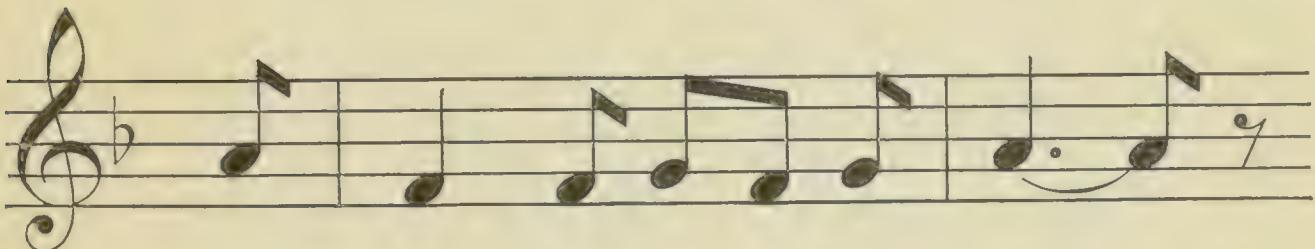
(Manual, p. 121)

Harriet Fairchild Blodgett

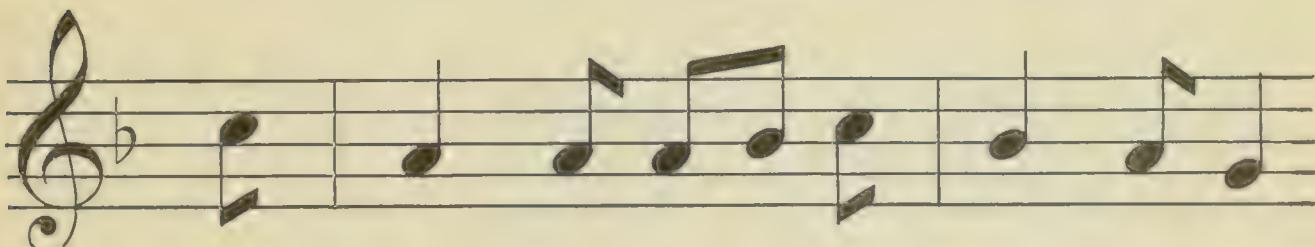
Friedrich Hegar



1. A lit - tle drop— of rain fell down
 2. And when he wak - ened up a - gain,



From cloud - land, far_____ and steep,_____
 Now what was his____ sur - - prise _____



Up - on the mea - dow's gras - sy nest,
 To find he was a vi - o - let



And there he fell a - sleep.
 With dew - drops in his eyes!

Betty and Billy

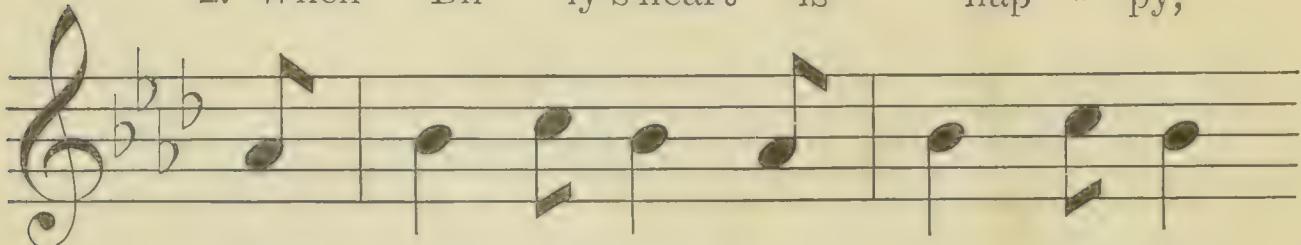
(Manual, p. 123)

May Morgan

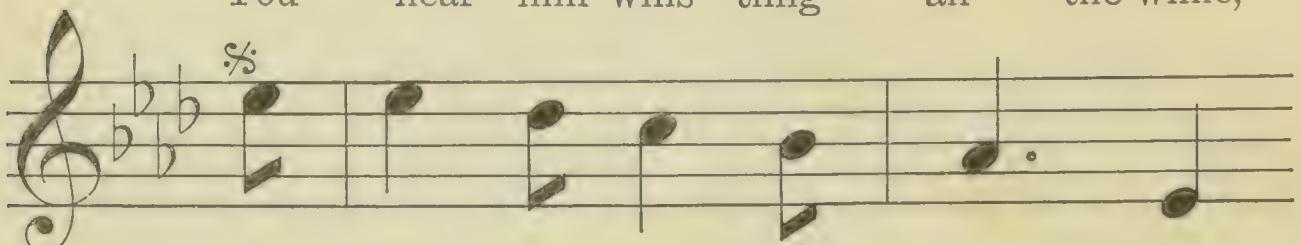
J. B. T. Weckerlin



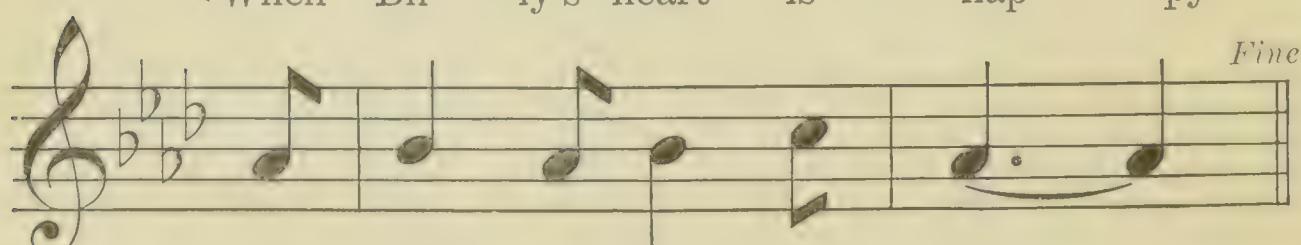
1. When Bet - ty's heart is hap - py,
2. When Bil - ly's heart is hap - py,



The whole day long her ea - ger feet
You hear him whis - tling all the while,



{ Are skip - ping through the gar - den
{ When Bet - ty's heart is hap - py
{ And ev - 'ry time you meet him
{ When Bil - ly's heart is hap - py



{ Or danc - ing down the street; _____
{ Then ev - 'ry - bo - dy knows. _____
{ He greets you with a smile. _____
{ He's whis - tling all the day. _____

And ev - 'ry - where she goes _____
You know when he is gay, _____

D.S. al Fine

She's trip - ping on her toes; _____
Be - cause, at work or play, _____

Good-by, Mother

Abbie Farwell Brown

French Folk Song

1. Moth - er dear, let me put my arms a - round you;
2. When I come I shall see you at the win - dow;

Now good - by till my les-son time is done.
Wave your hand to your lov-ing lit - tle one.

The Flowers' Friends

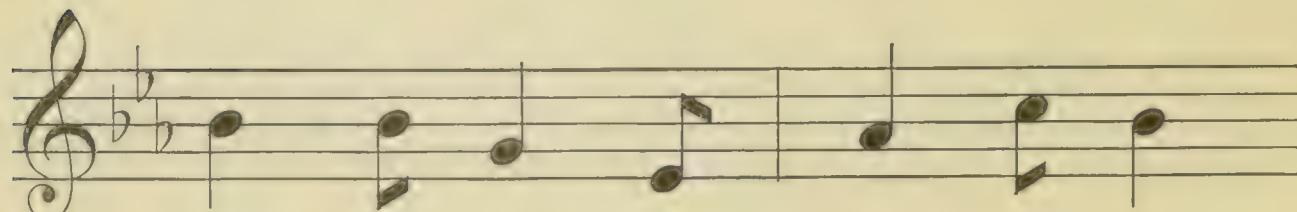
(Manual, p. 122)

Anna M. Pratt

Old English Song



1. Lit - tle snow - flakes ligh - tly fall,
 2. Lit - tle rain - drops fall - ing fast



Form a blan - ket o - ver all;
 Wake the flow'r's when win - ter's past;



They cov - er up the sleep - ing flow'r's
 And lit - tle sun - beams shine to show



And keep them warm through win - ter hours.
 The ba - by buds 'tis time to grow.

Chapter IV: Recurring Diatonic Figures, Varied

The Swallows

(Manual, p. 124)

Alice C. D. Riley

W. Otto Miessner

The musical score consists of five staves of music in G clef, common time, and B-flat key signature. The lyrics are integrated with the music, appearing below each staff.

Staff 1:

1. See the dar - ting swal - lows fly
2. See the sleep - y swal - lows cling

Staff 2:

Hith - er, thith - er, yon - der.
On the eaves and un - der!

Staff 3:

Black a - gainst the eve - ning sky
There in nests of clay they swing,

Staff 4:

See them swif - tly mount on high!
Fol - ded ev - 'ry flut - t'reng wing.

Staff 5:

Swif - tly fly! Where do they fly, I won - der?
If they dream, How does it seem, I won - der?

Little Sister's Lullaby

(Manual, p. 125)

Kate Forman

Folk Song



Music staff 1: Treble clef, key signature of one flat, common time (4). Notes: eighth note, quarter note, eighth note, eighth note, eighth note, eighth note, eighth note.

Ti - ny ba - by broth - er,

Music staff 2: Treble clef, key signature of one flat, common time (4). Notes: eighth note, eighth note, eighth note, eighth note, eighth note, eighth note, eighth note.

Play that I am Moth - er;

Music staff 3: Treble clef, key signature of one flat, common time (4). Notes: eighth note, eighth note, eighth note, eighth note, eighth note, eighth note, eighth note.

Sleep - y songs are in the air,

Music staff 4: Treble clef, key signature of one flat, common time (4). Notes: eighth note, eighth note, eighth note, eighth note, eighth note, eighth note, eighth note.

Sleep - y dreams are ev - 'ry - where;

Music staff 5: Treble clef, key signature of one flat, common time (4). Notes: eighth note, eighth note, eighth note, eighth note, eighth note, eighth note, eighth note.

Sleep, my ba - by broth - er.

The Circus

(Manual, p. 125)

Alice C. D. Riley

Horatio Parker



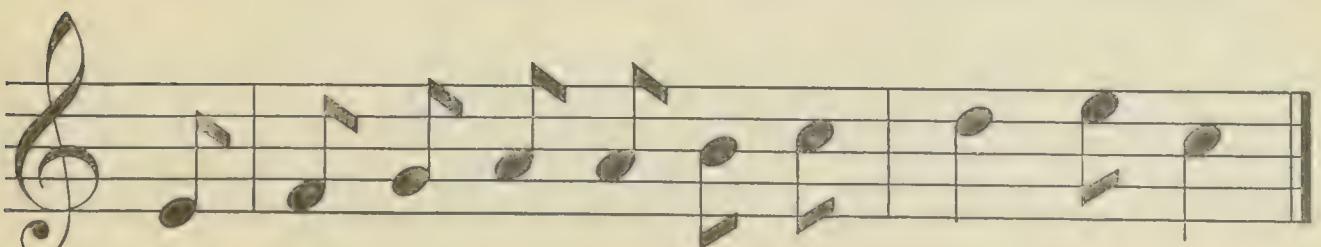
1. The trum - pets blow, the bu - gles play,
2. The tall gi - raffe and ze - bra too,



The cir - cus is com - ing to town to - day!
'Tis hard to be - lieve they are real - ly true.



With el - e - phant big, and jol - ly old clown,
The an - i - mals roar and chat - ter and scream;



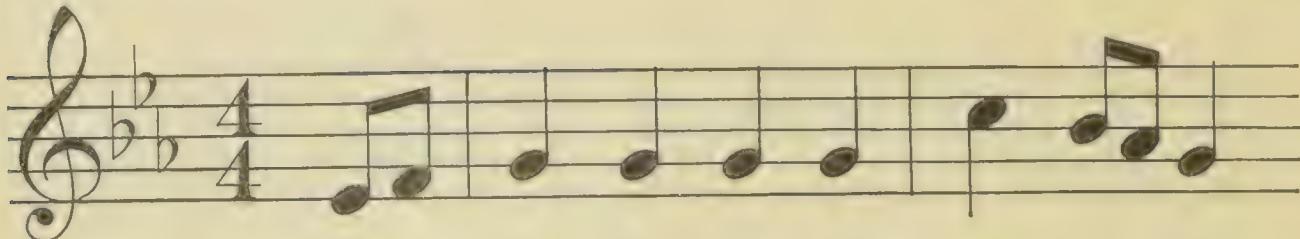
A real - ly live cir - cus has come to town.
It seems like a won - der - ful mag - ic dream.

Evening Lights

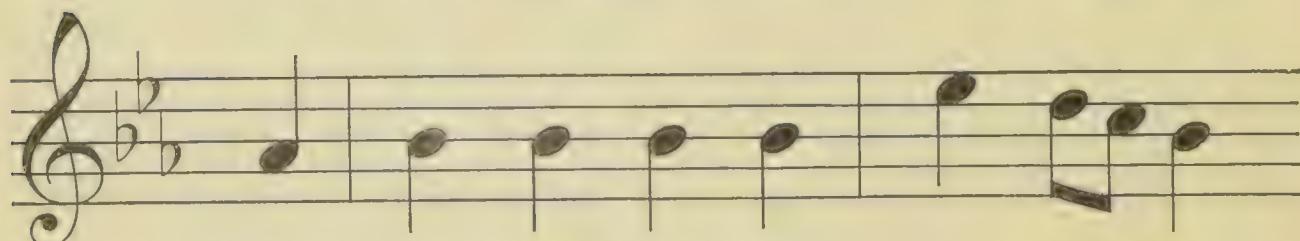
(Manual, p. 126)

Clinton Scollard

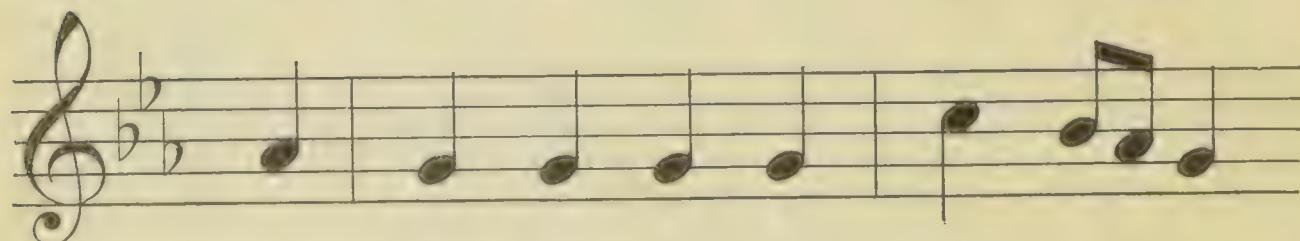
Marshall Bartholomew



1. The cheer - y fire - flies light the dark,
2. Per - haps the rea - son why they roam,



When all but pus - sy's eyes are blind,
Each with his lit - tle lan - tern light,



Each with his lit - tle lan - tern spark;
Is just to guide the fair - ies home



I won - der what they seek to find!
When they have wan - dered out at night.

Higgledy, Piggledy

(Manual, p. 127)

Kate Greenaway

Horatio Parker

1. Hig - gle - dy, Pig - gle - dy, see how they run!
2. Hig - gle - dy, Pig - gle - dy, how can I tell?

Hop - per - ty, Pop - per - ty, what is the fun?
 Hop - per - ty, Pop - per - ty, hark to the bell!

Has sun or has moon tumbled in - to the sea?
 The rats and the mice ev - en scamper a - way;

Oh, what is the mat - ter? Pray, tell it to me!
 Oh, who can say what may not hap - pen to - day!

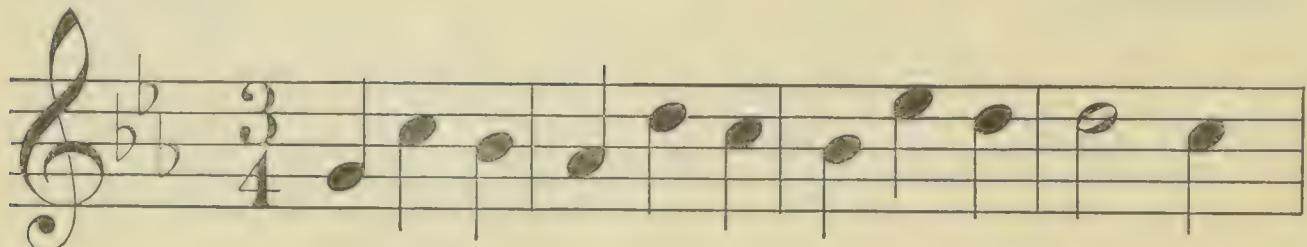
Chapter V: Melodies Progressing by Intervals

Lady Moon

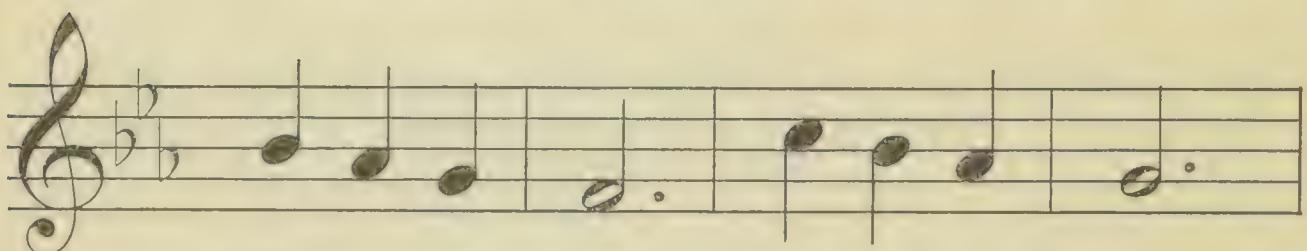
(Manual, p. 128)

Lord Houghton

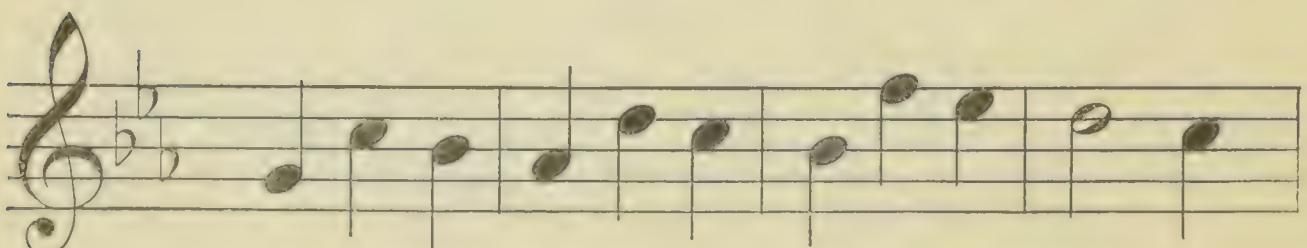
W. Otto Miessner



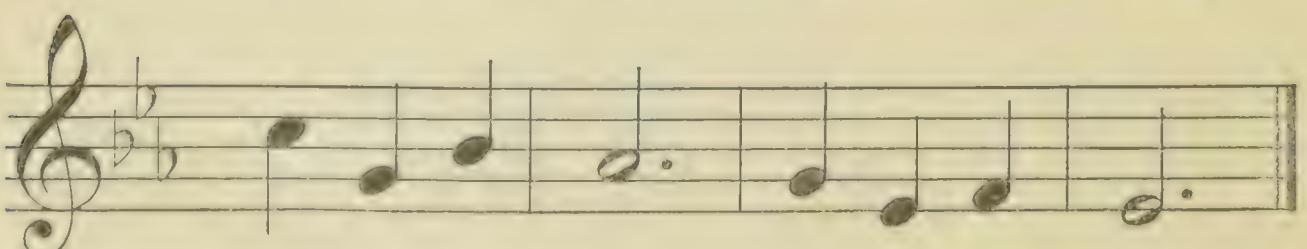
La-dy Moon, La-dy Moon, Where are you rov - ing?



O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea.



La - dy Moon, La - dy Moon, Whom are you lov - ing?



All that love me, All that love me.

Sleep, Little Treasure

(Manual, p. 130)

Folk Song

The musical score consists of five staves of music, each with a treble clef and two sharps (G major). The time signature is 2/4. The notes are primarily eighth notes, with some sixteenth-note patterns. The lyrics are written below each staff.

Sleep, my bon-ny blue-eyed lit - tle treas - ure,

Sleep till the ro - sy dawn-ing of the day —

Brings the hap - py hours of pleas - ure;

Dream the star - ry night a - way. —

Sleep, — lit - tle treas - — ure.

Valentine Song

(Manual, p. 131)

Florence C. Fox

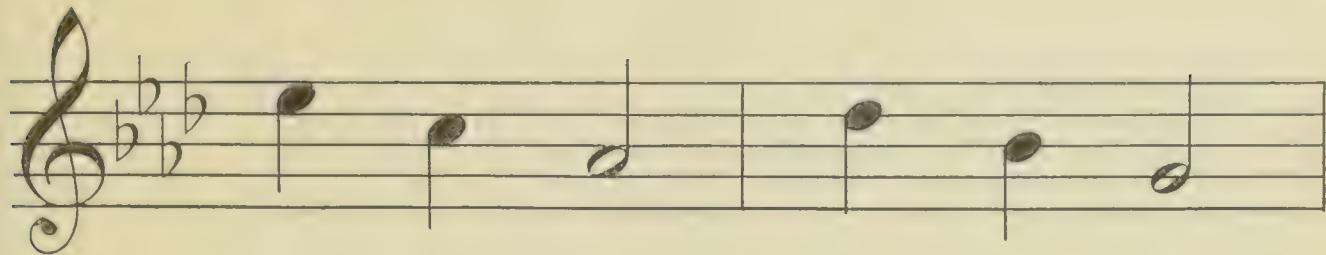
English Folk Song

1. "Mis - ter Post - man, have you a - ny
 2. "Here's a dain - ty lit - tle son - net;

Val - en - tine a - mong so ma - ny
 See, your name is writ - ten on it;

That you think was sent to me?
 While in let - ters gold and blue

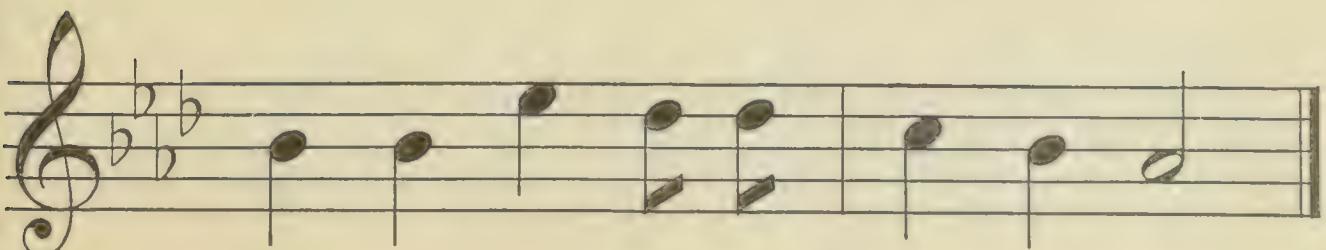
Post - man, look in your bag and see!
 Are these words that are meant for you:



Is there one that you know is mine?
Be my own lit - tle val - en - tine!



Post - man, please to look and see
This I know was sent to you



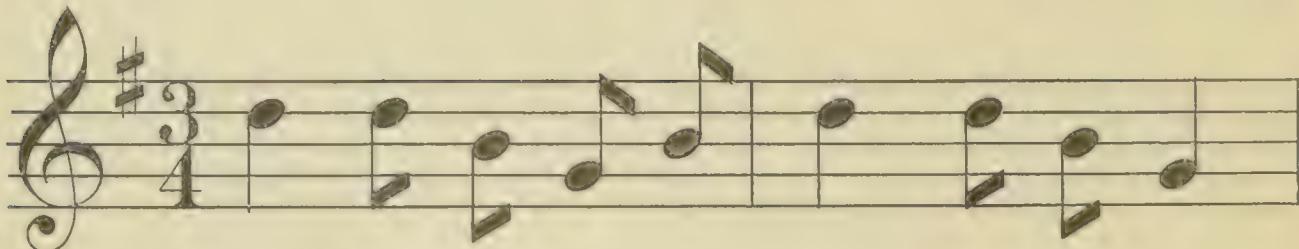
If there's one in your bag for me."
From a friend who is tried and true."

In Wooden Shoes

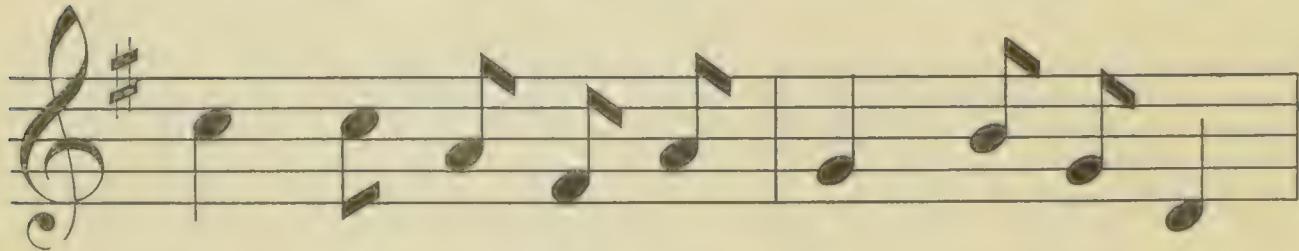
(Manual, p. 128)

M. Louise Baum

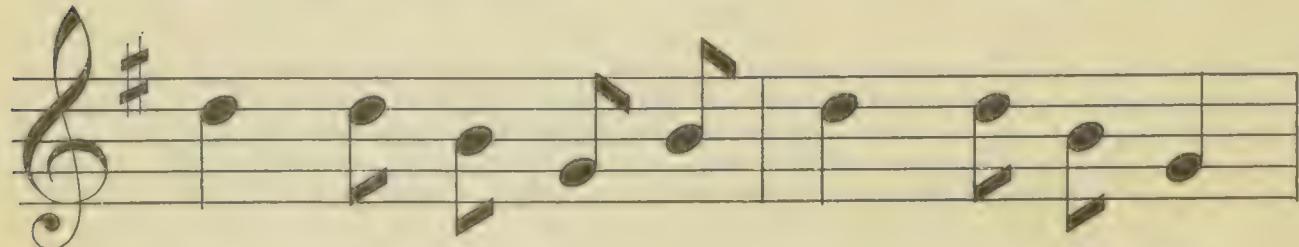
Swedish Folk Song



1. Come join our dance and swing to our rhyme;
2. Bob, then, and bow and curt - sey with me,



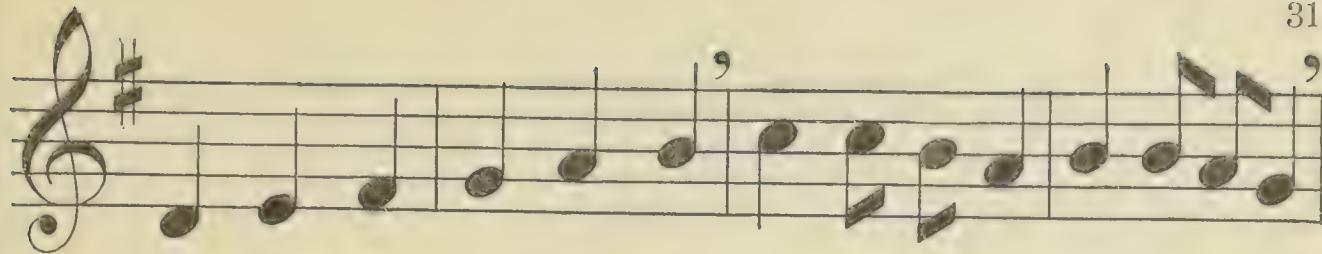
Now all ad - vance and tap to the time;
Stam - ping it now with one, two, and three;



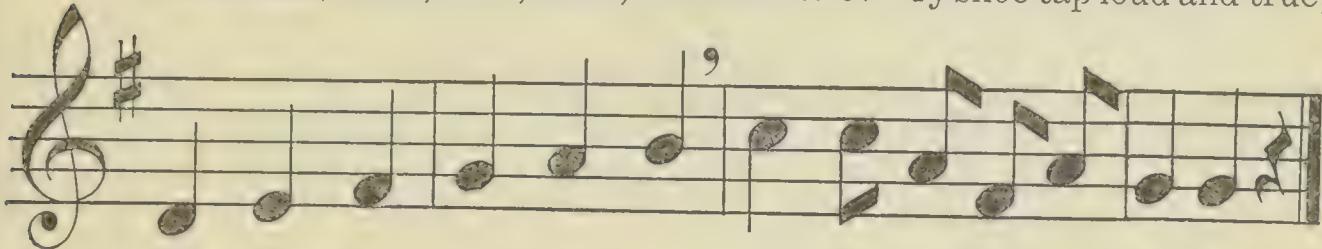
Sing, swing, and glance, our voic - es a - chime,
Yes, that is how we're foot - ing it free,



While wood - en shoes are tap - ping.
While wood - en shoes are tap - ping.



Click, clack, clack, click, clack, clack! Hear ev - 'ry shoe tap loud and true;



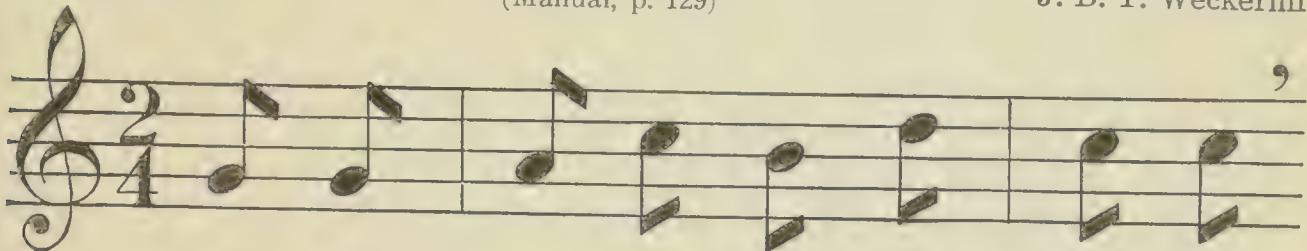
Click, clack, clack, click, clack, clack! Hear how the shoes are tap-ping.

Raindrops

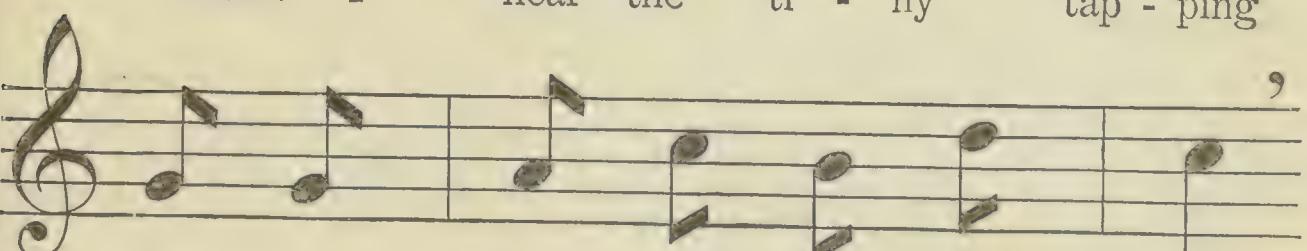
(Manual, p. 129)

Virginia Baker

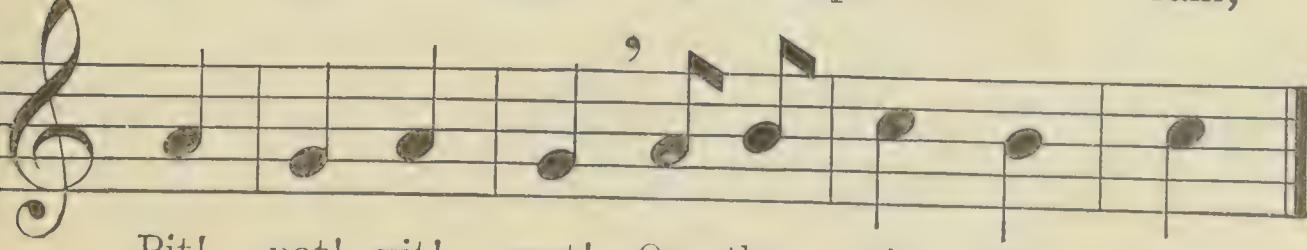
J. B. T. Weckerlin



Hark! I hear the ti - ny tap - ping



Of the mer - ry drops of rain;



Pit! pat! pit! pat! On the win - dow - pane.

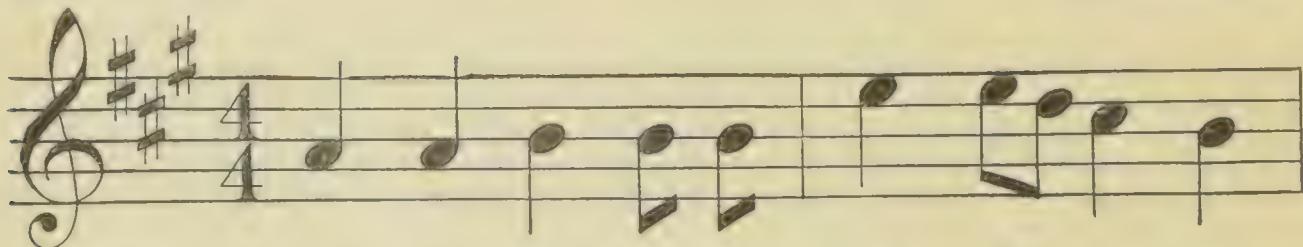
Will You Come With Me

ACTION SONG*

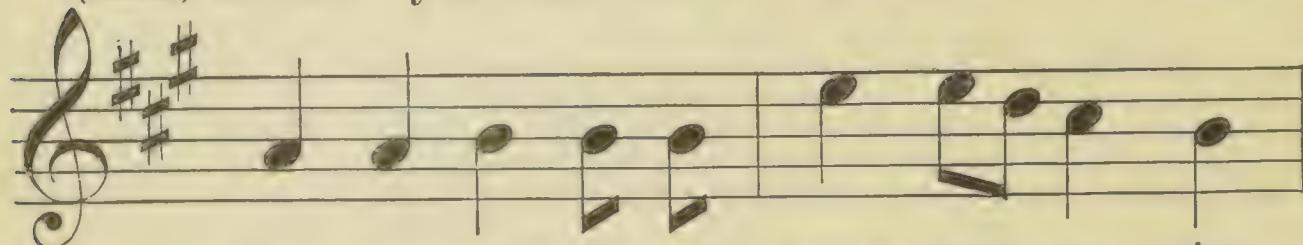
(Manual, p. 132)

Alice C. D. Riley

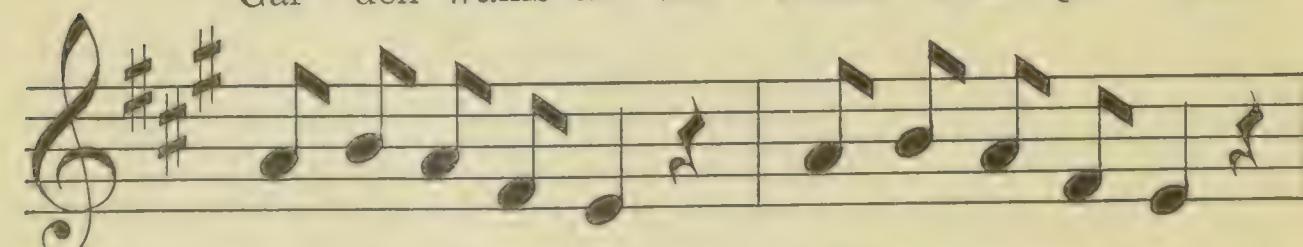
Old English Song



(Hosts) 1. If I build you a bow'r of ro - ses,
 (Guests) 2. Tho' you build me a bow'r of ro - ses,

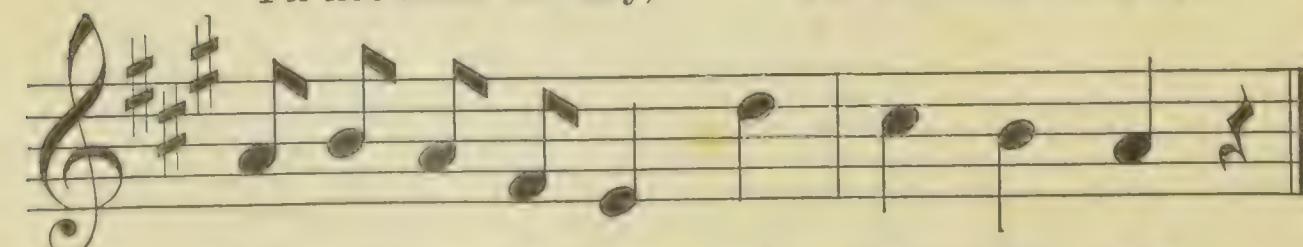


Gar - den walks all set round with po - sies,
 Gar - den walks all set round with po - sies,



Will you come and play,
 I'll not come to - day,

Will you come to - day,
 I'll not come and play,



Will you come to - day and play with me?
 I'll not come to - day and play with you.

* Directions and additional stanzas in the Teacher's Manual

PART TWO: INTERMEDIATE SONGS

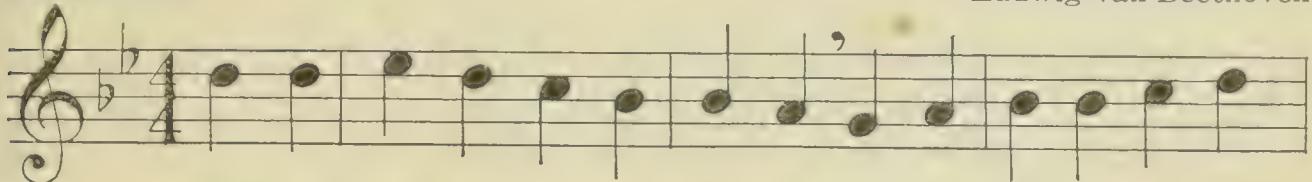
Chapter VI: Melodies in the Major Scale; the Quarter-Note Beat

To the River

(Manual, p. 133)

Susan Jewett

Ludwig van Beethoven



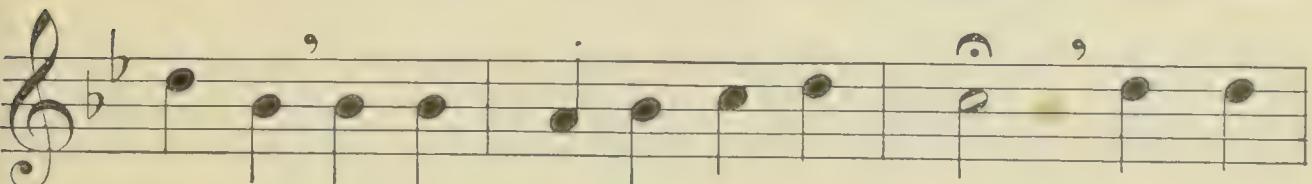
Gen - tle riv - er, gen - tle riv - er, Tell us whith-er do you



glide Thro' the green and sun - ny mead-ows, With your



swee - tly murm'ring tide? You for ma-ny a mile must



wan - der, Ma-ny a love - ly pros-pect see; Gen - tle



riv - er, gen-tle riv - er, Oh, how hap-py you must be!

Morning Song

Ethel B. Howard

Folk Song

1. Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, rich in bless-ings, Morn-ing
 2. With glad eyes I see Thy boun - ties, Flow'r's and

praise I sing to Thee. Thou hast made the
 sun - shine, sky and sea. Life and joy fill

earth so love - ly, With sweet rest hast strengthened me.
 all my be - ing, For Thy gifts so rich and free.

Flying Kites

(Manual, p. 136)

From *The Youth's Companion*

Folk Song

Bring your kites and let us play, For the wind is

high to - day. Far a - bove the trees they'll fly,

Far a - bove the hous - es high. Now they're rea - dy,
up they go! While we hold the string be - low.

The Raindrop Soldiers

Virginia Baker

(Manual, p. 138)

Paul Bliss

Composed for this Series

1. The lit - tle raindrop sol - diers Are marching from the sky; In
2. The lit - tle raindrop sol - diers Their du - ty all will do; The

u - ni-forms of sil - ver I see them fi - ling by. Their
thirs-ty earth they'll wa - ter, And fill the streamlets, too. Their

wee drums beat a rat - a - tat, Rat - a - tat, rat - a - tat; Their
wee drums beat a rat - a - tat, Rat - a - tat, rat - a - tat; Their

lit - tle feet go pit - ter - pat, Pit - ter - pit - ter pat.
lit - tle feet go pit - ter - pat, Pit - ter - pit - ter pat.

September

Abbie Farwell Brown

(Manual, p. 134)

C. Despouains

Fare-well, time of lei-sure, Fare-well, Au-gust days!

Come now, oth-er pleas-ure, Come now, au-tumn plays!

Fare-well, hap-py sum-mer We re - mem - ber!

Wel-come, dear new-com-er, Crisp Sep - tem - ber!

The Poplar Tree

Annie N. Bourne

Chr. Schunder

I call the pop - lar "Twin-kle - tree," Be -

cause it shakes its leaves at me.

To My Country

Seymour Barnard
From the French

French Folk Song

Vast as thy plains from sea to sea, Fair as thy fruits and

sea-sons be, So is my love, dear land, for thee!

Bed in Summer

Robert Louis Stevenson

English Folk Song

1. In win - ter I get up — at night And
2. I have to go to bed — and see The
3. And does it not seem hard — to you, When

dress by yel - low can-dle - light. In sum-mer, quite the
birds still hop-ping on the tree, Or hear the grown-up
all the sky is clear and blue, And I should like so

oth - er way, I have to go to bed by day.
peo - ple's feet Still go - ing past me in the street.
much to play, To have to go to bed by day?

In October

May Morgan

English Folk Song

1. Oc - to - ber is flaunting her gay - col - ored
2. The field mouse is stor - ing her grain for the

ban - ners Of scar - let and crimson, of orange and gold.
win - ter, Rich banquets pre - par - ing for days long and cold.

Driver and Boatman

Maud W. Goodwin

Ernst Schmid

1. What does the dri - ver? The dri - ver hitch - es
2. What does the boat - man? The boatman lies up -

up the cart, The hors - es tug, the dri - ver sings So
on the bank And shouts: "I can't stay here all day. Who

loud that thro' the street it rings: "Ho, Hol - la, Hol - la, Ho!"
wants the fer - ry, come this way! Ho, Hol - la, Hol - la, Ho!"

The Last Leaf

(Manual, p. 134)

Margaret Aliona Dole

Gaetano Donizetti

1. Sad au-tumn breezes sigh, "Gone are the warm green leaves,
2. One leaf left trembling there, High on the ma - ple tree,

Dead on the ground they lie, Na-ture now grieves. Glad was my
'Mid withered branches bare, Longs to be free. "Must I still

welcome here, Gay ev'rywhere; Fruit of the mellow year, Trees clad in
linger here?" Sad-ly he cries. "Winter is drawing near, All of my

col - ors rare; Gone is the mag - ic spell, Sad my fare-well."
friends have died. Down on the ground they lie, Lone-ly am I."

Honey Bees

TWO-PART ROUND

Nellie Poorman

J. J. Schaublin

Bees gath - er hon - ey, Pay - ing pol-len mon - ey.

Chapter VII: The Quarter-Note Beat; Eighth Notes

Dear Little Moon

RHYTHM STUDY

Abbie Farwell Brown

George L. Wright

Musical notation for 'Dear Little Moon' in G major, 2/4 time. The melody consists of eighth notes and quarter notes.

Dear lit - tle moon, High o - ver - head,

Musical notation for 'Dear Little Moon' continuation in G major, 2/4 time. The melody continues with eighth notes and quarter notes.

Shine gen - tly down On my small white bed.

Hide and Seek

RHYTHM STUDY

Ann Underhill

Adolf Weidig

Musical notation for 'Hide and Seek' in C major, 2/4 time. The melody consists of eighth notes and quarter notes.

Moth - er dear, moth - er dear, Can't find me!

Musical notation for 'Hide and Seek' continuation in C major, 2/4 time. The melody continues with eighth notes and quarter notes.

Lit - tle boy, lit - tle boy, Where is he?

O - ver here, o - ver here, Come and see!

Ve - ry near, ve - ry near, Run - to me!

Pretty Little Goldfish

RHYTHM STUDY

Sylvia Child

Fr. H. Mayer

Pret - ty lit - tle gold - fish, Come and go,

Swim-ming in the sun - shine, To and fro.

To and fro; To and fro;

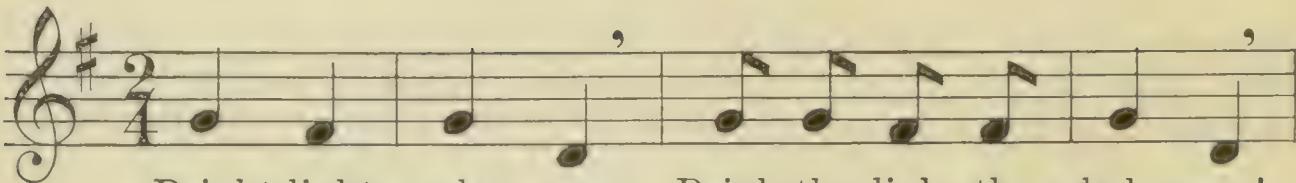
Swim-ming in the sun - shine, To and fro.

New Day

Abbie Farwell Brown

(Manual, p. 137)

Folk Song



Bright light wakes me, Bright-ly, ligh - tly shakes me!



Gay day greets me, Gay - ly, dai - ly meets me!



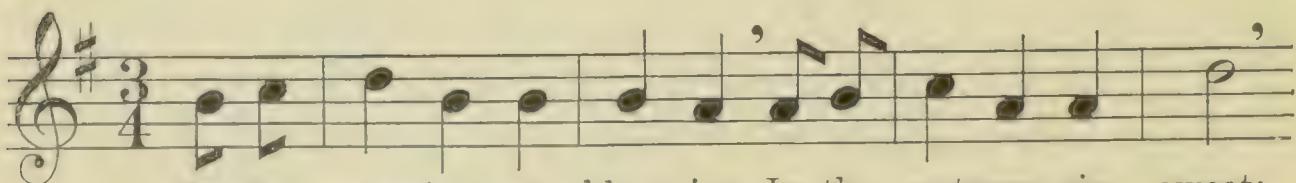
Bids me lift my sleep-y head From my co - zy, do - zy bed.

Poppies in the Wheat

Nellie Poorman

(Manual, p. 136)

Folk Song



1. Scarlet poppies are blow-ing, In the autumn air sweet;
2. Breezes soft set them dancing, Swaying all to and fro;



Fla-ming poppies glow warmly, Set-ting fire to the wheat.
Bend-ing low in deep curt'sies; Pretty manners they show.

The Farmyard

Old English Song

English Folk Song

1. Up was I on my father's farm On a May-day morning
 2. Up was I on my father's farm On a May-day morning

ear - ly, Feeding of my father's cows, On a May-day morning
 ear - ly, Feeding of my father's goats,* On a May-day morning

ear - ly. With a moo, moo here, and a moo, moo there,
 ear - ly. With a nan, nan here, and a nan, nan there,

Here a moo, there a moo, here a pretty moo. Six pretty maids come and
 Here a nan, there a nan, here a pretty nan. Six pretty maids come and

gang along o' me, To the merry green fields and the farm-yard.
 gang along o' me, To the merry green fields and the farm-yard.

* This song may be continued indefinitely by enumerating different animals and their characteristic cries.

The Bee and the Butterfly

Margaret Eytinge

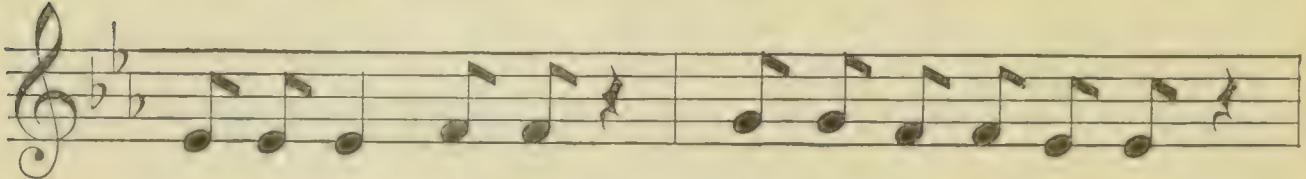
(Manual, p. 139)

Marshall Bartholomew
Composed for this Series

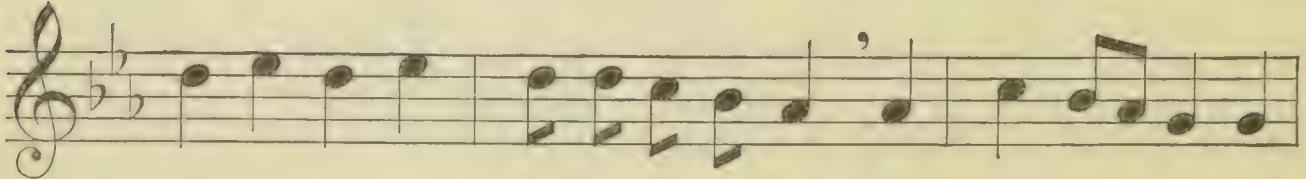
'Dear me! dear me!' Said a bu-sy bee, 'I'm always making



hon - ey; No time to play, But work all—day. —



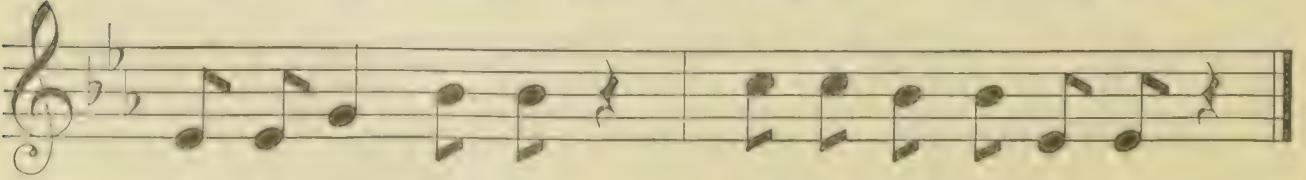
Is - n't it fun-ny, Ve - ry, ve - ry fun-ny?"



'Oh, my! oh, my!' Said a butter-fly, 'I'm al - ways eat-ing



hon - ey; And yet I play The live-long day.



Is - n't it fun-ny, Ve - ry, ve - ry fun-ny?"

Old English Nursery Rhyme

Old Rhyme

(Manual, p. 140)

Fanny Snow Knowlton
Composed for this Series

1. Once there lived a lit - tle man, Where a lit - tle riv - er ran,
2. Once his lit - tle maid-en, Ann, With her pret-ty lit - tle can,
3. Lit - tle maid cried out in vain, While the milk ran o'er the plain;
4. Then to make the sto - ry short, Lit - tle po - ny with a snort

And he had a lit - tle farm and lit - tle dai - ry, O!
 Went a - milk - ing when the morning sun was beam - ing, O!
 Lit - tle pig went grunting af - ter it so gay - ly, O!
 Lif - ted up his lit - tle heels so ve - ry clev - er, O!

And he had a lit - tle plough, And a lit - tle dap - ple cow,
 But she fell, I know not how, And she stumbled o'er the plough,
 While the lit - tle dog be - hind For a share was much inclined,
 And the man he tumbled down, And he nearly cracked his crown,

Which he of - ten called his pret - ty lit - tle fair - y, O!
 And the cow was quite as - ton - ished at her scream - ing, O!
 So he pulled back squealing pig - gy by the tail - y, O!
 And this on - ly made the mat - ter worse than ev - er, O!

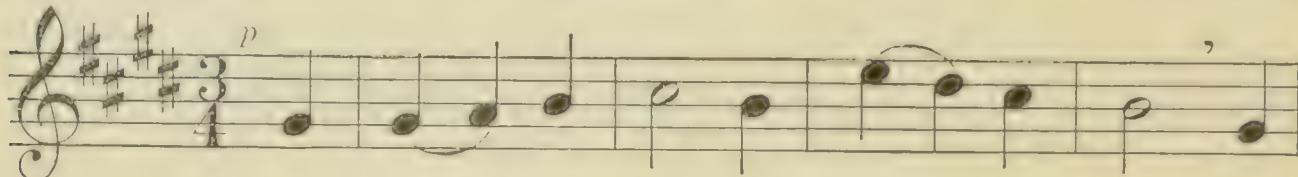
Chapter VIII: Sharp Chromatics; Diatonic Half-Step Progressions

A New Year's Resolution

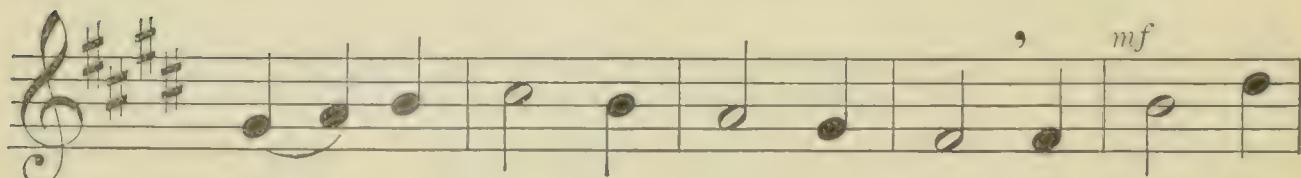
Nellie Poorman

(Manual, p. 141)

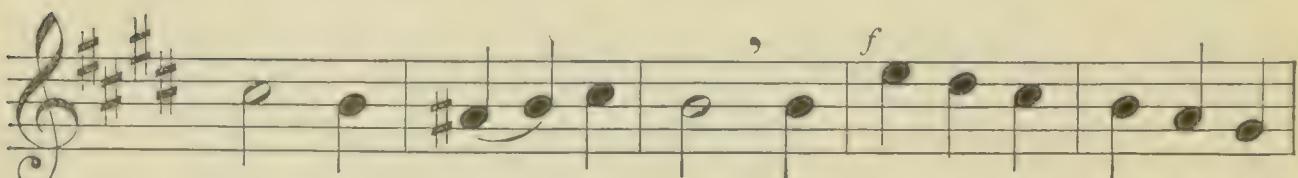
Eb. Kuhn



1. Last night the old year stole a - way, We
2. Be this our sim - ple dai - ly creed: Each
3. We'll make each day that hur - ries past A



have — a clean New Year to - day; And may it
 day — to help some one in need; Each day to
 lit - tle bet - ter than the last; We'll try to



bring us right good cheer. We welcome thy coming, O
 make some life less drear. We welcome thy coming, O
 bring our heav'n more near. We welcome thy coming, O



glad New Year! We welcome thy coming, O glad New Year!

O Wind that Blows

Alice C. D. Riley

(Manual, p. 146)

Catharina van Rennes

Coasting

TWO-PART ROUND

Anna G. Whitmore

J. J. Schaublin

A musical score for a single melodic line. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature starts at 3/4 and changes to 2/4. The melody begins with a half note followed by eighth notes. Measure I ends with a half note. Measure II begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The melody continues with eighth notes and sixteenth notes.

Dear Harp of My Country

Thomas Moore

(Manual, p. 142)

Welsh Folk Song

The musical score consists of five staves of music in common time (indicated by '3') and common key (indicated by a C-clef). The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The third staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The fourth staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The fifth staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp.

Lyrics:

1. Dear Harp of my Coun - try, in dark - ness I
 2. Dear Harp of my Coun - try, fare - well to thy

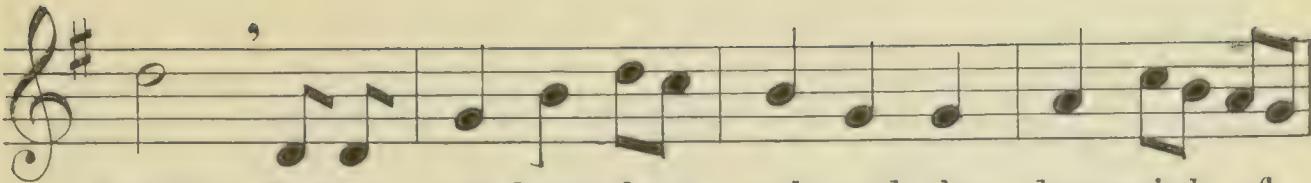
found thee; The cold chain of si - lence had hung o'er thee
 numbers; This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall

long, When proud-ly, my own Is-land Harp, I un -
 twine. Go, sleep with the sun-shine of fame on thy

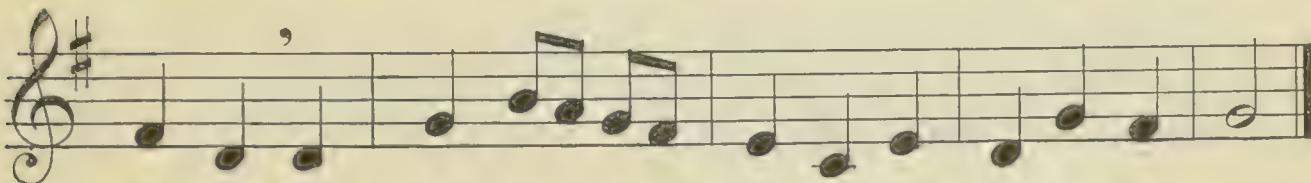
bound thee, And gave all thy chords to light, free-dom, and
 slum-bers, Till touched by some hand less un - wor - thy than

song! The — warm lay of love and the light note of
 mine. If the pulse of the pa - tri - ot, sol - dier, or

glad-ness Have wak - en'd thy fond-est, thy live - li - est
 lov - er Havethrobb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glo - ry a -



thrill; But so oft hast thou ech - oed the deep sigh of
alone; It was but as the wind passing heed - less - ly



sad - ness, That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.
o - ver, And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

A Valentine for Grandma

From *The Youth's Companion*

(Manual, p. 143)

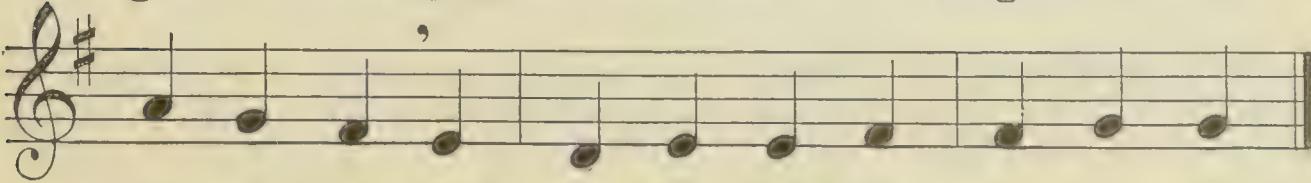
Mrs. Crosby Adams
Composed for this Series



1. I've wa - tered it and watched it grow; I've
2. And now, with blos - soms blue and fair, It



whispered, ev - er soft and low, "O pre-cious lit - tle
goes to stand by grandma's chair. O fra-grant lit - tle



plant of mine, Be rea - dy for my val - en - tine."
flower of mine, Bloom swee - tly for my val - en - tine.

In the Garden

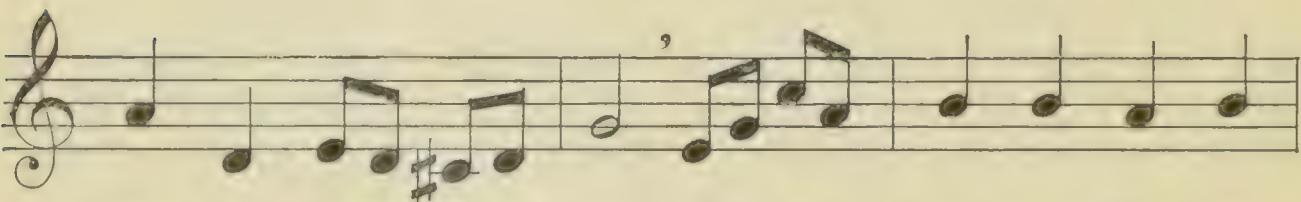
May Gillington

(Manual, p. 144)

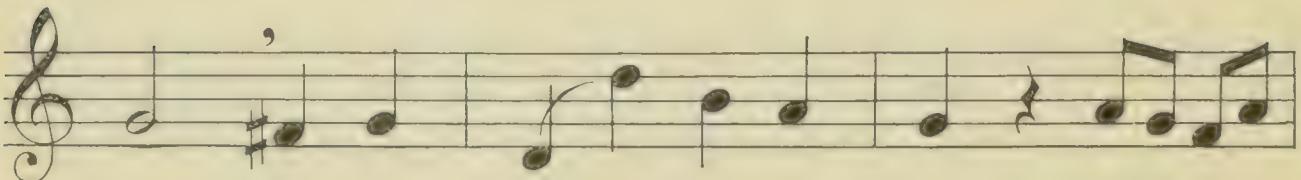
Annie E. Armstrong



1. Blos - soms blue and white and red, In ____ the ____
2. Leaf - lets soft and smooth and green, On ____ the ____
3. Gras - ses red and green and brown, In ____ the ____



gar - den dance all day; Nod and bend each dain - ty
 branches dance all day, Up-wards spring or side-ways
 mea-dows dance all day, Quiv - er gen - tly up and



head, Swing and	sway, Swing and	sway.	Each one
lean, Swing and	sway, Swing and	sway.	Each one
down, Swing and	sway, Swing and	sway.	All one



wears a crown of dew, Whose bright rays are danc - ing
 dips and curtseys low, Like the folk of long a -
 way like waves they run, Ris - ing, fall - ing in the

cresc.

too; Let me learn to dance like
go; Let me learn to dance just
sun; Let me dance as you have

you, Dear blos-soms in - the - gar den!
so, Dear leaf - lets on - the - bran ches!
done, Dear gras - ses in - the - mea dow!

The Swing Song

Sidney Heath

(Manual, p. 145)

Horatio Parker
Composed for this Series

1. Swing, swing, up to the sky; Green leaves all go
2. Swing, swing, o-ver the grass, Pluck - ing ap - ples

quick - ly by. Swing, swing, down to the ground;
as they pass. Swing, swing, hear - ing the song

Noth - ing so jol - ly could ev - er be found.
Sung by the dick - y birds fly - ing a - long.

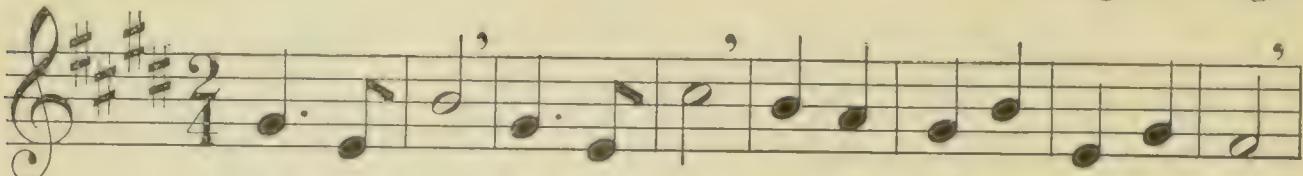
Chapter IX: The Quarter-Note Beat; Dotted-Quarter and Eighth Notes

Far Away

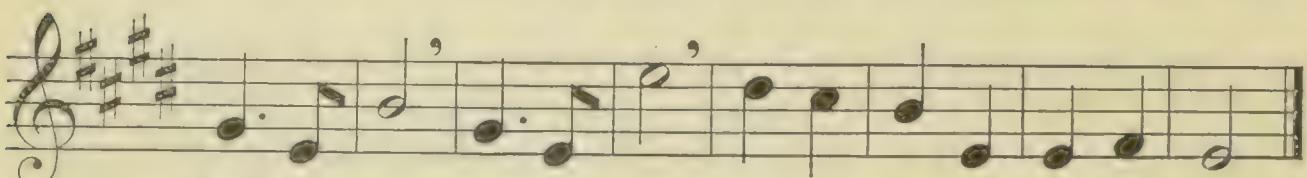
RHYTHM STUDY

Abbie Farwell Brown

George L. Wright



Far a - way, far a - way, See the whitecaps dot the bay.



Roll a - long, roll a - long; Hear the breaker's mournful song.

Spring's Coming

George Jay Smith

Adolf Wendt



1. Long ere the sleep - y rills Trickle from snow - y hills,
2. Blos-soms no vi - o - let, Gray is the wood-land yet;
3. By the warm sun caressed, Hope fills his hap - py breast,



Hear the glad birds re-joice; Hap - py each voice!
Why should the lit - tle bird Joy - ful be heard?
Stir - ring his heart to sing Wel-come to spring.

All Through the Night

Old Welsh Song

(Manual, p. 147)

David Owen

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, treble clef, and G major. The first staff begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The second staff begins with a quarter note followed by eighth notes. The third staff begins with a quarter note followed by eighth notes.

Lyrics:

1. Sleep, my child, and peace at-tend thee, All thro' the
 2. While the moon her watch is keep-ing; All thro' the
 3. Hark, a sol-emn bell is ring-ing, Clear thro' the

night. Guar-dian an-gels God will send thee,
 night; While the wea-ry world is sleep-ing,
 night. Thou, my love, art heav'n-ward wing-ing,

All thro' the night. Soft the drow-sy
 All thro' the night; O'er thy spir-it
 Home thro' the night. Earth-ly dust from

hours are creep-ing, Hill and vale in slum-ber steeping;
 gen-tly steal-ing, Vi-sions of de-light re-veal-ing,
 off thee shak-en, By good an-gels art thou tak-en;

I my lov-ing vig-il keep-ing, All thro' the night.
 Breathes a pure and ho-ly feel-ing, All thro' the night.
 Soul im-mor-tal shalt thou wak-en, Home thro' the night.

Katrina

Stella George Stern

(Manual, p. 148)

William E. Haesche
Composed for this Series

A musical score for soprano voice in G clef, 4/4 time. The notes are mostly eighth notes, with some sixteenth-note patterns and a single sixteenth note. There are two measures of rests.

1. Ka - tri - na came to our - school, She sat right next to
2. She al - ways comes to school on time; Her desk is just as

A musical score for soprano voice in G clef, 4/4 time. The notes are mostly eighth notes, with some sixteenth-note patterns and a single sixteenth note. There are two measures of rests.

me. She used to live in Ams - ter - dam, Be -
neat! I'm sure I'm twice as care - ful, Since Ka -

A musical score for soprano voice in G clef, 4/4 time. The notes are mostly eighth notes, with some sixteenth-note patterns and a single sixteenth note. There are two measures of rests.

side tri - the Zuy - der Zee. Her cheeks were pink as
tri - na shares my seat. It makes me have some

A musical score for soprano voice in G clef, 4/4 time. The notes are mostly eighth notes, with some sixteenth-note patterns and a single sixteenth note. There are two measures of rests.

cher - ry blooms, Her lips ten times as red; — But
new, new thoughts, Some kind-lier thoughts, to know — That,

Slower

A musical score for soprano voice in G clef, 4/4 time. The notes are mostly eighth notes, with some sixteenth-note patterns and a single sixteenth note. There are two measures of rests.

none of us could un-derstand A word Ka - tri - na said.
though I can - not speak to her, I love Ka - tri - na so.

Our Father's Home

Alice C. D. Riley
From the Dutch

(Manual, p. 149)

Catharina van Rennes

The musical score consists of five staves of music in common time, treble clef, and G major. The first staff begins with a dynamic of *p*. The lyrics are:

1. One tender Fa - ther leads us, Loves His chil - dren
2. One tender Fa - ther loves us, Makes us broth - ers

The second staff continues the melody. The lyrics are:

all; Bends down His ear and heeds us, Hears our ev - 'ry
here, While bend His skies a - bove us, Love may ban-ish

The third staff begins with a dynamic of *p*. The lyrics are:

call. Though I sail the bound - ing sea,
fear. Hail! my broth - ers, clasp my hand,

The fourth staff begins with a dynamic of *f*. The lyrics are:

Though a - far I __ roam, __ Lone - ly of heart I
Where - so - e'er we - roam, __ Strange tho' the tongue or

The fifth staff begins with a dynamic of *p*. The lyrics are:

ne'er shall be, __ 'Tis my - Father's home.
far the land, __ 'Tis our - Father's home.

Sweet Nightingale

Old English Song

(Manual, p. 150)

English Folk Song

1. Pret-ty maid, come a - long! Don't you hear the sweet
 2. Pret-ty Bet - ty, don't fail, For I'll car - ry your

song, The sweet notes of the nightingale flow? — Don't you
 pail Safe-ly home to your cot as we go. — You shall

hear the fond tale Of the sweet nightin - gale, As she sings in the
 hear the fond tale Of the sweet nightin - gale, As she sings in the

val-ley be - low? — As she
 val-ley be - low. — As she

sings in the val - ley be - low? —
 sings in the val - ley be - low. —

Praise to the Father

Anna G. Whitmore

(Manual, p. 151)

Ancient Dutch Folk Song

Slow

We pray to our Father when night is descend-ing. When
morn-ing is break-ing we sing to His praise. With
wis-dom and love and kind-ness never end-ing, He
guards us and pro-tects us and guides all our ways.

The Little Owls

TWO-PART ROUND

Margaret Aliona Dole

I

Lit-tle owls look wise if you see their eyes at night,
But they're wink-ing and blink-ing in the day-light!

II

Chapter X: Flat Chromatics; Diatonic Half-Step Progressions

The Old Woman Tossed Up in a Blanket

(Manual, p. 152)

Old English Song

English Folk Song



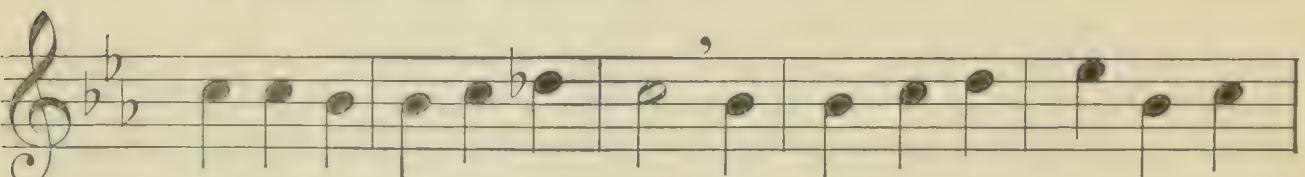
There was an old woman tossed up in a blan-ket Seventeen



times as high as the moon. Where she was going I could not but



ask it, For in her hand she carried a broom. "Old woman, old



woman, old woman," quoth I, "Oh whither, oh whither, oh



whither so high?" "To sweep the cob - webs from the

sky,— And I'll— be with you by— and by.”

Small Stars

Alice E. Sollitt
From the Swedish

(Manual, p. 153)

Elsa Uppling

1. Twinkling stars are shi - ning clear, Ten-der, soft, and
2. Moth-er's stars are ba - by's eyes, Like the heav-en's

true. ————— Gen-tly sleep, my ba - by dear,
hue. ————— Now each eye - lid droop-ing lies

Close thine eyes of blue. ————— Gen - tly sleep, my
Soft a - cross the blue. ————— Now each eye - lid

ba - by dear, Close thine eyes of blue. —————
droop-ing lies Soft a - cross the blue. —————

The Four-Leaf Clover

Dora H. Stockman

(Manual, p. 154)

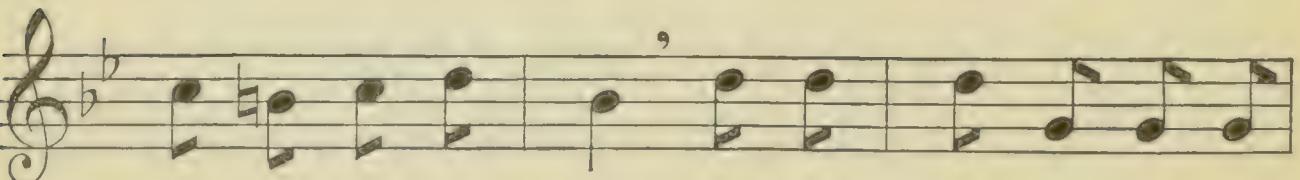
Gaetano Donizetti



I've been hunting in the meadow Where the crimson clover



blows, Just to see if I could find the place The



four-leaf clo-ver grows. If I ev - er, ev - er



find it, All the precious seeds I'll pluck, And I'll



sow the fields and meadows So that all may have good luck.

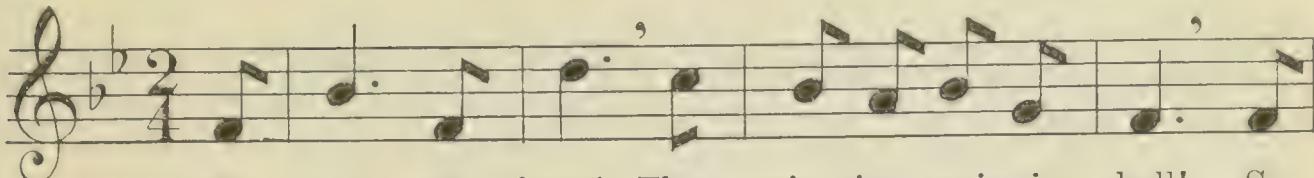
Chapter XI: Phrases Beginning on the Eighth-Note Before the Beat

Oh Hark! Oh Hear!

RHYTHM STUDY

Ann Underhill

Fr. H. Mayer



Oh hark! Oh hear! The ring-ing, swinging bell! So



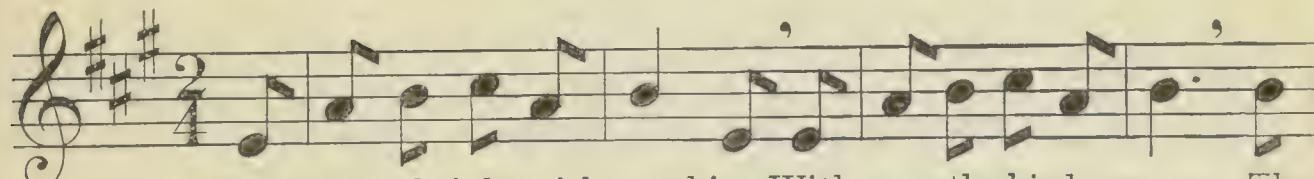
loud, so clear! The ring - ing, swing - ing bell!

Before the Roses Come

Elsie Cobb

(Manual, p. 155)

French Folk Song



1. The world is bright with sunshine, With song the birds are gay; The
2. Oh, days with life o'er - flow-ing, When bees begin to hum, You



but-ter-cups are laugh - ing, To hear their rounde - lay; With
fill the earth with beau - ty, Be - fore the ro - ses come; When



song the birds are gay; Oh hear their roun - - de - lay.
bees be - gin to hum, Be - fore the ro - - ses - come.

Cock Robin

From *Cradle Songs*

(Manual, p. 156)

Marshall Bartholomew
Composed for this Series

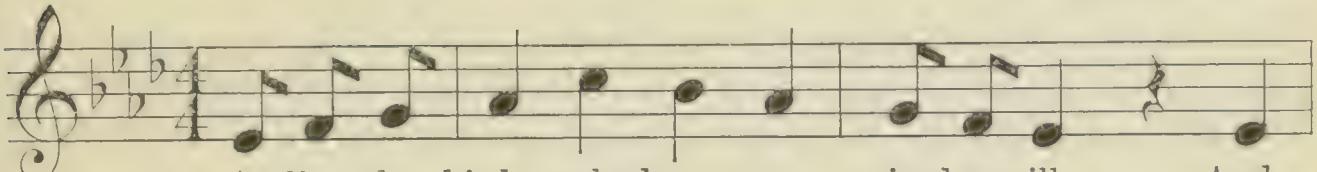
A musical score for "Cock Robin" in G clef, 2/4 time, and common time. The music consists of six staves of handwritten-style notation. The lyrics are written below each staff. The first staff: Lit-tle Rob-in Red-breast Sat up-on a tree; The second staff: He sang mer - ri - ly, Mer-ry as could be. He The third staff: nod-ded with his head, And his tail wag-gled he, As The fourth staff: lit-tle Robin Red-breast Sat up-on a tree. Tra, la, la, la, The fifth staff: la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, The sixth staff: Mer-ry as could be; Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, The seventh staff: la, la, Lit-tle Robin Red-breast Sat up-on a tree.

What the Little Bird Said

Virginia Baker

(Manual, p. 157)

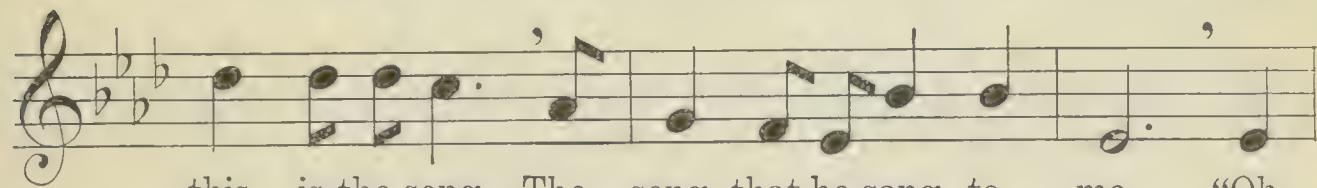
Paul Bliss

Composed for this Series

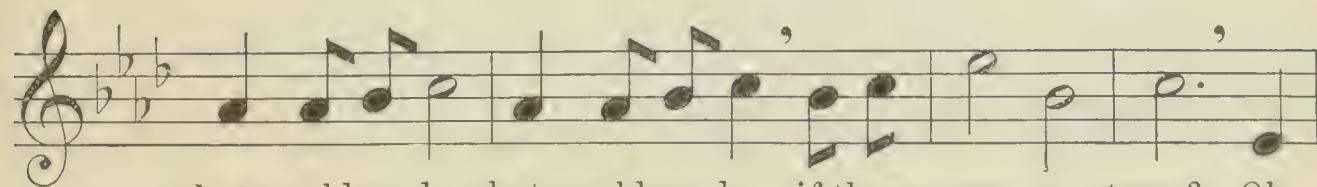
1. A lit - tle bird perched on my win-dow sill And
 2. "Oh, tell me where would swing our pret - ty nests, And
 3. "With-in the bark up - on the stur-dy trees We
 4. "You lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle boys and girls, Who



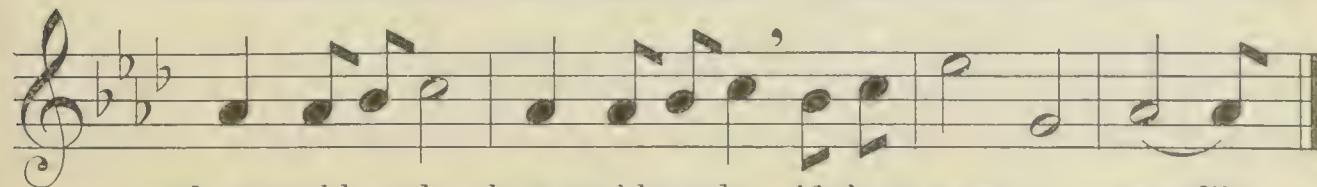
swayed and swung in the morning breeze, And this is the song,
 where would cra - dle our ba - by brood, If nev - er a tree,
 find the food that we like to eat, And shel-tering leaves,
 love the birds and would have them stay, Oh, plant ma-ny trees,



this is the song, The song that he sang to me. "Oh,
 nev - er a tree, Through-out all the coun-try stood. Oh,
 shel-tering leaves, Pro - tect from the sun's fierce heat. Oh,
 plant ma-ny trees, On this sunny Ar - bor Day. For



what would we do, what would we do if there were no trees? Oh,



what would we do, what would we do if there were no trees?" —

Chapter XII: Easy Melodies in Minor Keys

Sand Wells

Abbie Farwell Brown

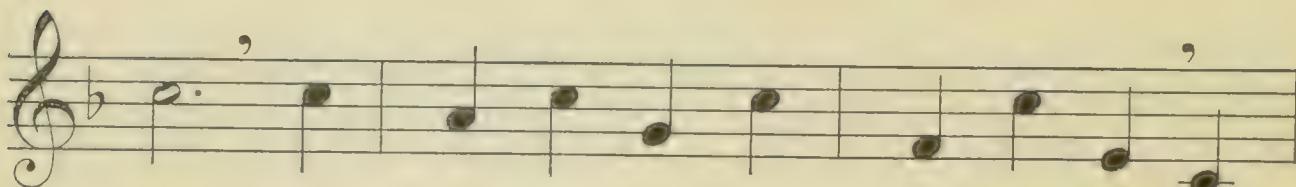
(Manual, p. 158)

W. B. Olds

Composed for this Series



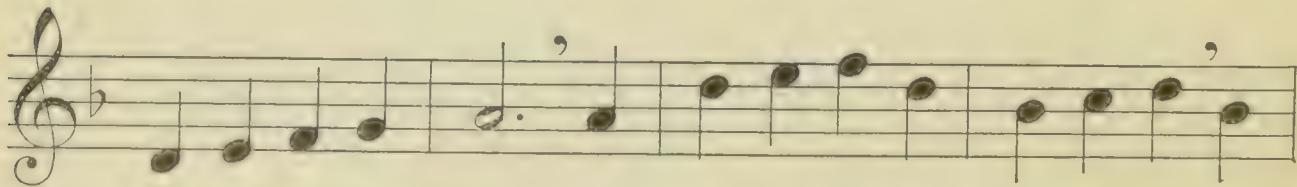
I made a picture in the sand, A great big gi - ant



face; I scooped the eyes out with my hand, In



quite the proper place. And then, well, well! What do you think? It



was a great sur - prise; The gi-ant face be - gan to wink, And



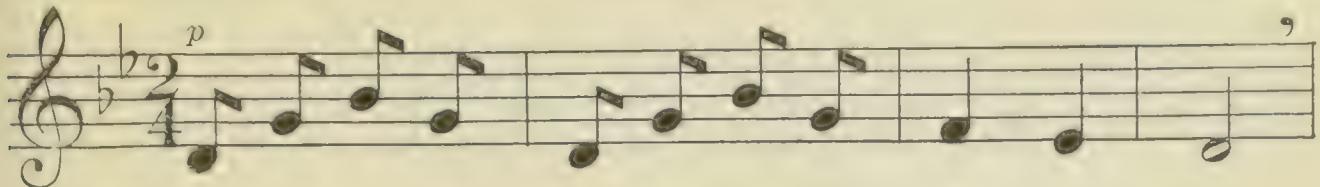
tears came in his solemn eyes, And tears came in his eyes.

The Rainbow Dress

Miriam Clark Potter

(Manual, p. 159)

Folk Song



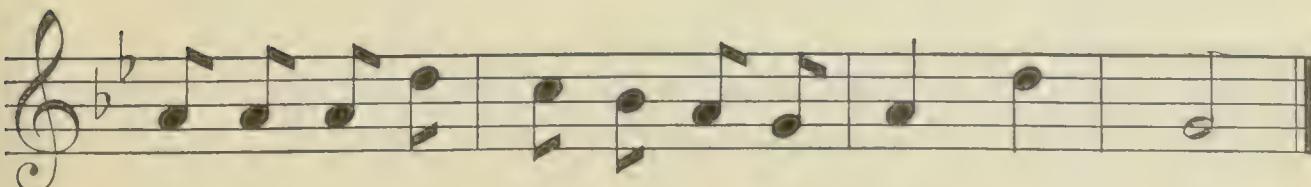
1. Rain-bow, rain-bow, pret - ty rain - bow in the sky,
 2. Children, children, lit - tle children, it is true,



Are you spun of sun - set col - ors, left to dry?
 I am made of sun - set col - ors, cloud and dew.



Did the fair - y rain-drops wash you, hang you there,
 Moth - er Sun will dry me well, for you can guess

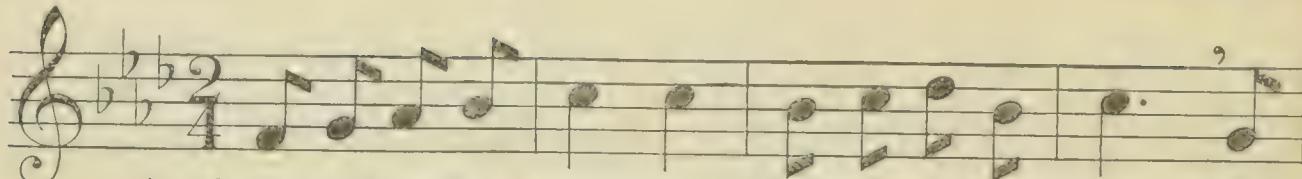


Like a gown of gar-den flow - ers, high in air?
 I'm the lit - tle summer - eve - ning's best new dress!

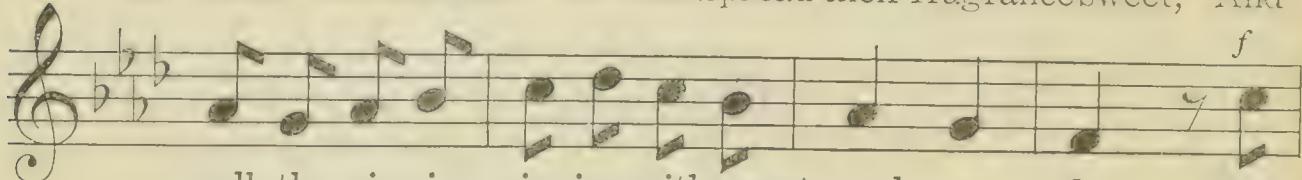
A Spanish Dance

Florence Hoare

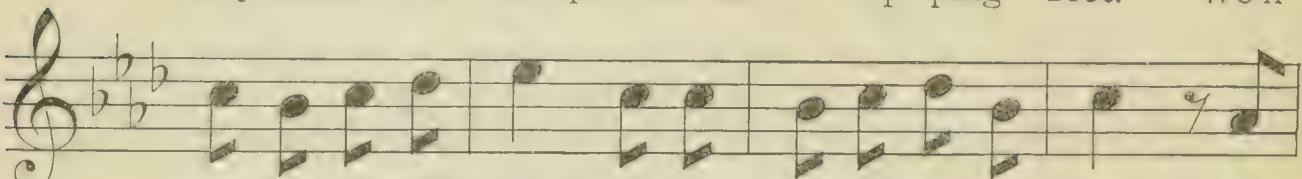
Basque Air



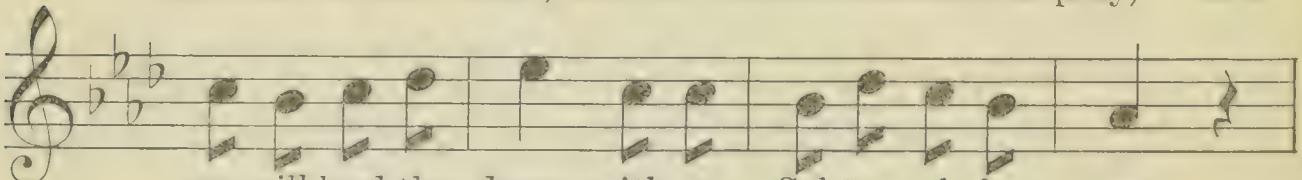
1. Come and tread a meas-ure O'er the green with me, While
2. Here the crim-son ro - ses Spread their fragrance sweet, And



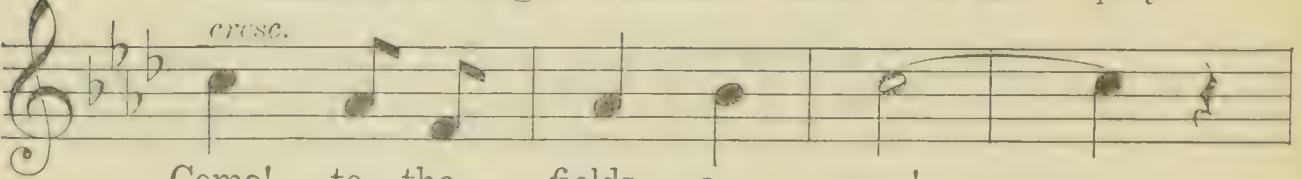
all the air is ringing with sweet mel - o - dy. The
they shall be a car-pet for our trip - ping feet. We'll



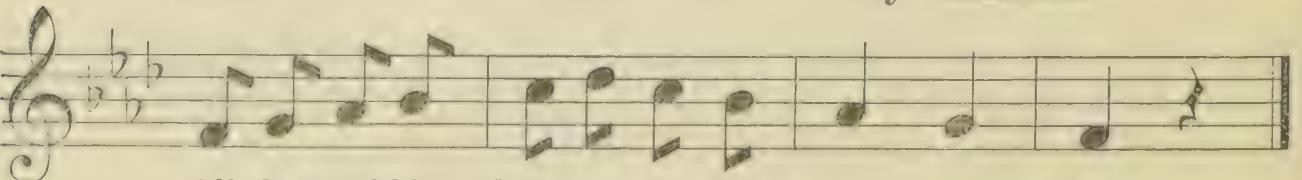
cas-ta-nets will clash, And the tambourines will play, And
twine the sil-ken scarf, And we'll weave the scented spray, Till



we will lead the dance with a Sal-ter - el - la gay.
all the scene is bright with the col-ors we dis - play.



cresc.
Come! to the fields a - way!
Come! to the fields a - way!



All the world is dancing on this hol - i - day.
All the world is dancing on this hol - i - day.

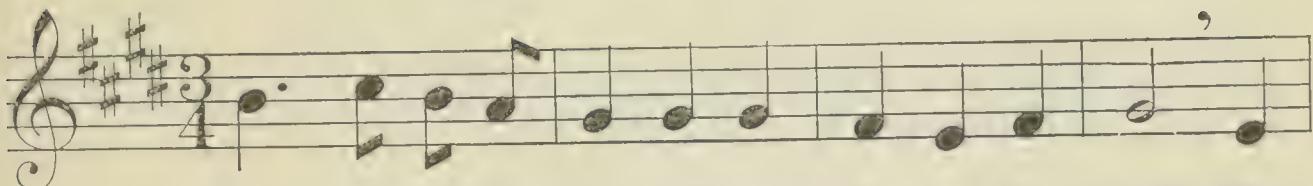
Chapter XIII: Interval Studies

Susie, Little Susie
SECONDS

Ethel B. Howard

(Manual, p. 160)

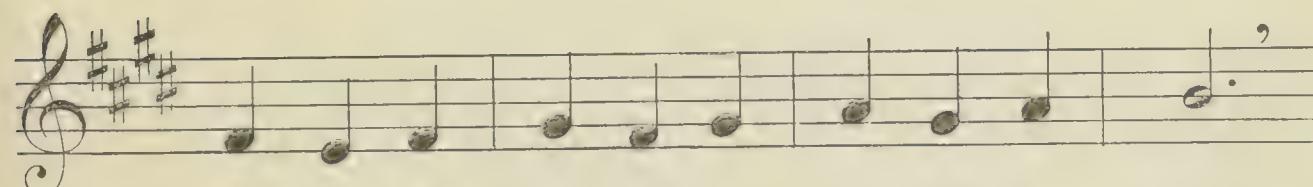
Folk Song



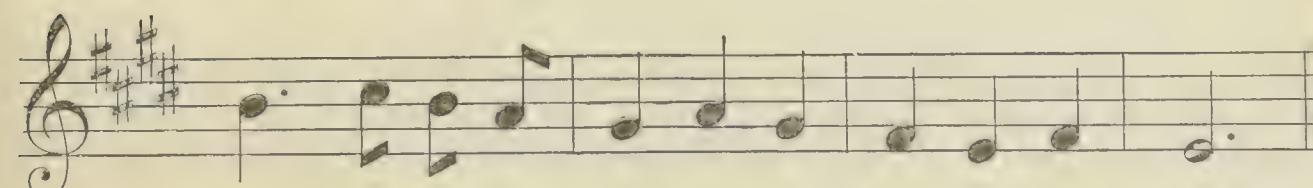
1. Su - sie, lit-tle Su - sie, what stirs in the hay? The
2. Su - sie, lit-tle Su - sie, three pennies, I pray, To



gos - lings must go bare-foot, for no shoes have they. The
buy the bread and sug - ar I must have to - day. I'll



cob-bler has leath-er but no last to use.
sell my warm bed and go sleep in the hay.



Who will make the goslings a pair of red shoes?
Su - sie, lit - tle Su - sie, three pennies, I prav!

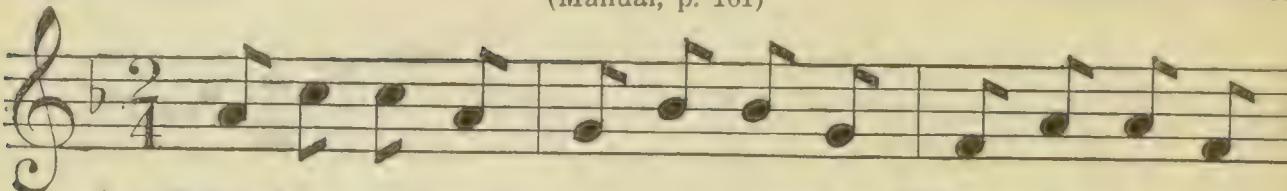
Woodland Lessons

THIRDS

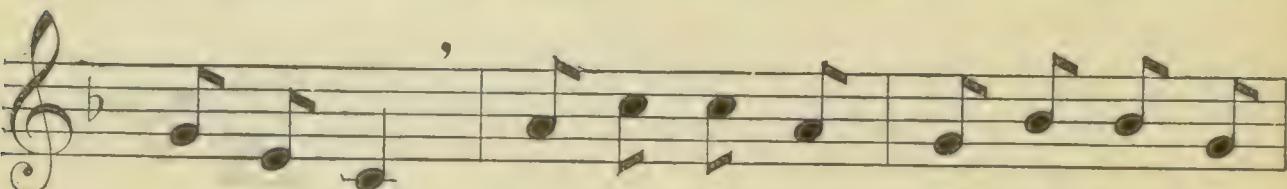
Caroline Fuller

(Manual, p. 161)

Swedish Folk Dance



1. School is out and we are go-ing Where the pret-ty
2. Lis-ten to the wood-land creatures, As they whis-per



sha - dy brook Thro' the sun - lit field is flow - ing.
les - sons sweet; Sermons from the best of preachers,

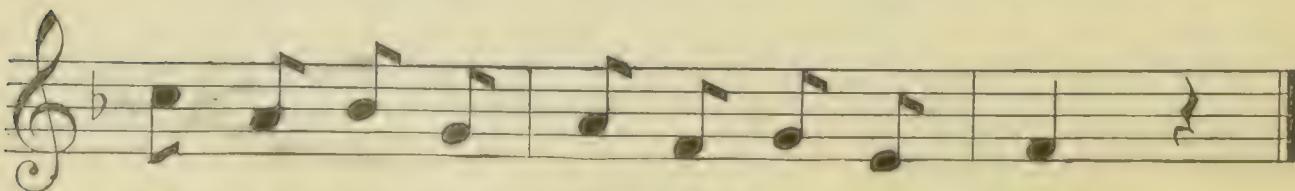


Ev-'ry-one is gay,
Mak-ing children good.

Glad to leave the wea-ry book,
Wa-ter cool for bare brown feet,



Glad to seek the for - est nook. Where the cool deep
Far a - way from ci - ty heat; How we love our



grass is grow - ing, We will learn to play.
na - ture teach - ers, In the fra-grant wood.

Dance of the Leaves

FOURTHS

Nellie Poorman

(Manual, p. 162)

English Folk Song

Musical notation for 'Dance of the Leaves' in G clef, 3/4 time, and F major key signature.

1. Ev'ry leaf dons the gayest gown, Splash'd with crimson and golden
2. North Wind plays them his jolly tunes, Mel - o - dies of the Arctic
3. See the ed - dy of liv-ing flame, Gau-dy leaves in an elf - in
4. One mad frolic, and then the fun For the leaves is for - ev - er

Continuation of musical notation for 'Dance of the Leaves'.

brown; One and all, in the fall, For the an - nu - al autumn ball.
 dunes; Merry strain, wild refrain Boreas pipes them with might and main.
 game! How they swirl, purl, and twirl, Dancing all in a gid - dy whirl.
 done. Autumn strews shades profuse, Leafy carpet of Persian hues.

Christmas Bells

TWO-PART ROUND

Musical notation for the first part of 'Christmas Bells' in G clef, 3/4 time, and C major key signature.

Ring, ting! the joy - bells are ring - ing, Glad

Continuation of musical notation for the first part of 'Christmas Bells'.

children are sing- ing, For Christmas is here!

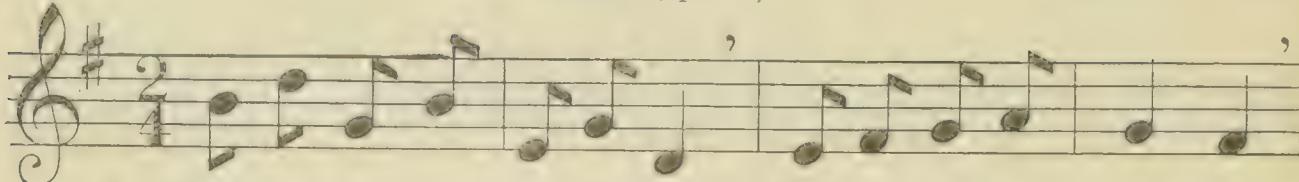
Autumn Song

FIFTHS

Abbie Farwell Brown

(Manual, p. 162)

Horatio Parker



1. Trees are turn-ing one by one, Gol-den, red, and yel - low;
2. Days are short and nights are long, Evening winds are sigh - ing;
3. Gol - den - rod and as-ters shine, Fields are ripe for reap - ing;



Brigh-ly now the autumn sun Makes the col - ors mel - low.
 Birds have sung their parting song, To the South they're fly - ing.
 Pur-ple grapes and ap-ples fine Fill the bar-row heap - ing.

The Modest Violet

SIXTHS

Jane Taylor

John Hullah



1. Down in a green and sha - dy bed A modest vio-let grew. Its
2. Yet thus it was con - tent to bloom, In modest tints ar-rayed, And



stalk was bent, it hung its head As if to hide from view. And
 there dif-fused its sweet perfume With - in the si - lent shade. Then

yet it was a lovely flower, Its colors bright and fair; It
let me to the val-ley go, This pretty flower to see, That

might have grac'd a ro - sy bower In - stead of hi-ding there.
I may al - so learn to grow In sweet hu - mil - i - ty.

The Rain Harp

SEVENTHS

Nellie Poorman

(Manual, p. 163)

Tyrolese Folk Song

1. A boi-ster-ous wind plucks the strings of the rain; The wonderful
2. With fingers un - err - ing, he sweeps o'er the strings; Re-sponsively

harp sounds a mag - ic re-frain. A me - lo - di - ous song Sings the
swell-ing, his in-strument sings. Hear the wind sa-ga bold, Breathing

wind loud and strong: "I am free, — yes, free, — I blow from the
mys - ter - ies old: "I am free, — yes, free, — I blow from the

sea, the sea; Free, yes, free, — And full of wild glee."

Chapter XIV: The Introduction of Two-Part Singing

The Musical Mouse

May Morgan

Adolf Weidig

Allegretto $\text{♩} = 100$

I dreamt when I was prac-ti-sing My ex-er-ci-ses
Do, re, mi, fa, so, fa,
o'er, A lit-tle mouse came creeping out, And danced upon the floor.
mi, re, Do, re, mi, fa, so, fa, mi, re,

do.

thought his taste was very strange, I'd never caper so, For such a tune as:

Do, re, mi, fa, so, fa, mi, re,

slower >> >>> >> *a tempo*

Do, re, mi, fa, so, fa, mi, re, do.

slower >> >> >> > *a tempo*

Birds in the Branches High

Folk Song

1. Birds in the branches high Sing sweetest mel - o - dy,
 2. Now flow'rs in thousands bloom, Rich in their sweet perfume,
 3. Streams from the mountain high Onward flow peace - ful - ly,

Hid from our sight. List - 'ners from far and near
 Scen-ting the air. They with their col - ors bright
 Down to the vale. Stoop from the mos - sy side,

Gath - er their songs to hear, Filled with de - light.
 Give to the eye de - light, Spring-ing so fair.
 Drink while the wa - ters glide, On thro' the dale.

Morning Prayer

Genevieve Fox

Folk Song

1. Hap - py chil - dren greet the morning light,
 2. Fa - ther, teach us through the com-ing day

Sing - ing prais - es for its glo-ries bright.
 How to serve Thee in our work and play.

Star Daisies

Frank Dempster Sherman

(Manual, p. 164)

Carl Busch

Composed for this Series

p

1. At eve - ning when I go to bed, I
 2. And of - ten while I'm dream - ing so, A -
 3. For, when at morn - ing, I a - rise, There's

see the stars shine o - ver-head; They are the lit - tle
 cross the sky the moon will go; She is a - la - dy,
 not a star left in the skies; She's picked them all and

dai - sies white That dot the mea-dows of the night.
 sweet and fair, Who comes to gath - er dai - sies there.
 dropped them down In - to the mea-dows of the town.

The Goldenrod is Yellow*

Helen Hunt Jackson

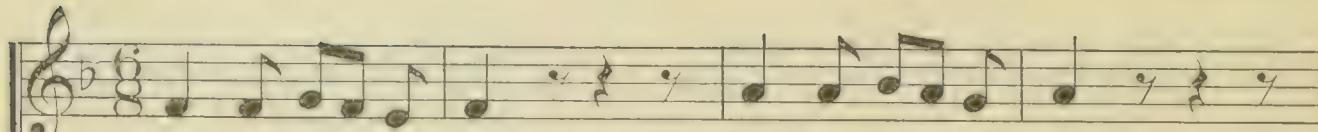
K. L. Gläzer

The golden-rod is yel-low, The corn is turning brown, The
 trees in ap - ple orchards With fruit are bending down.

* From "Poems," by Helen Hunt Jackson, copyright, 1892, by Roberts Brothers

Cold the Blast May Blow

Lowell Mason



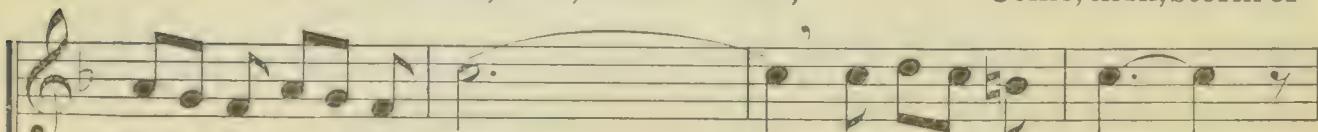
1. Cold the blast may blow,
2. Bos - oms firm and bold
3. When in school we meet,
4. Come, then, rain or hail,

Heap-ing high the snow;
Fear not storms nor cold,
Looks of wel-come greet,
Come, then, storm or gale,



1. Cold the blast may blow,
2. Bos - oms firm and bold
3. When in school we meet,
4. Come, then, rain or hail,

Heap-ing high the
Fear not storms nor
Looks of wel-come
Come, then, storm or



Winds may loud - ly roar,
Fear not ice nor snow,
Sent from smi-ling eyes,
Glad to school we'll go,

may loud - ly roar;
not ice nor snow.
from smi-ling eyes.
to school we'll go.



snow;
cold,
greet,
gale,

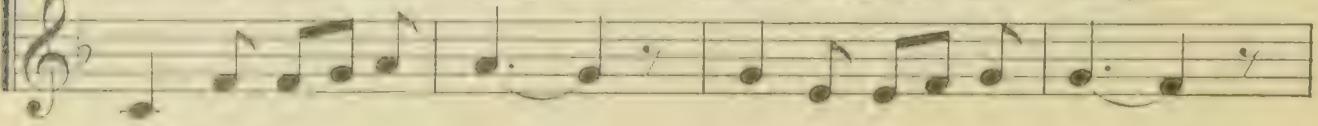
Winds may loud - ly roar, may loud - ly
Fear not ice nor snow, not ice nor
Sent from smi-ling eyes, from smi - ling
Glad to school we'll go, to school we'll

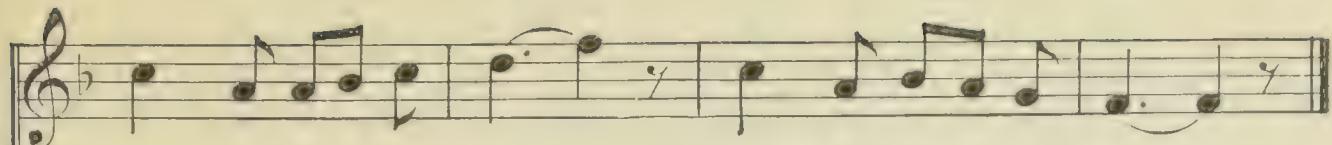
roar; ____
snow. ____
eyes. ____
go. ____



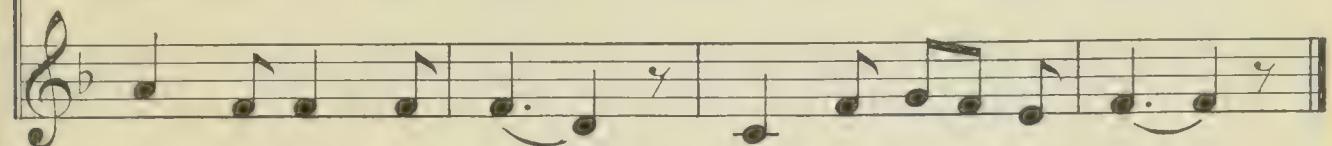
Trees all brown and bare ____
Fierce - ly though the gale ____
When our teach - ers dear ____
Bos - oms firm and bold ____

Sad may wave in air, ____
Drift the snow and hail, ____
Give us words of cheer, ____
Shrink not from the cold, ____





Decked with leaves no more, — Decked with leaves no more.
 Hearts may warm-ly glow, — Hearts may warm-ly glow.
 What are win - try skies? — What are win - try skies?
 Fear not ice nor snow, — Fear not ice nor snow.

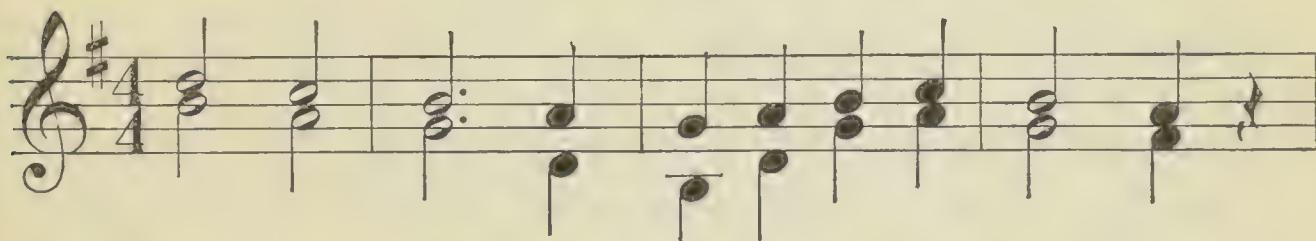


The Stars

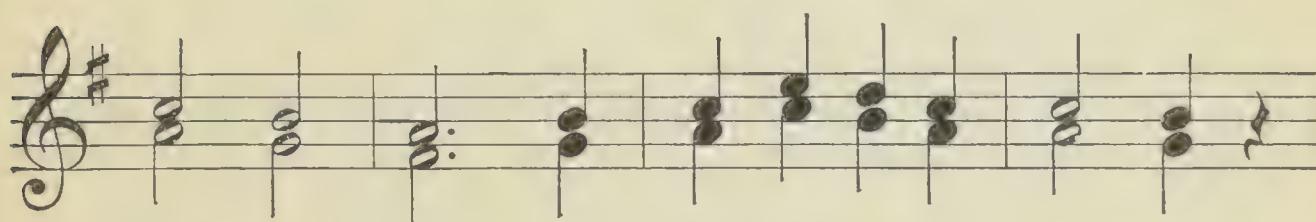
(Manual, p. 166)

George Jay Smith

Benedict Widmann



Dark - ness falls, the eve-ning sky grows dim - mer,



Then the stars in gol - den splen-dor glim - mer,



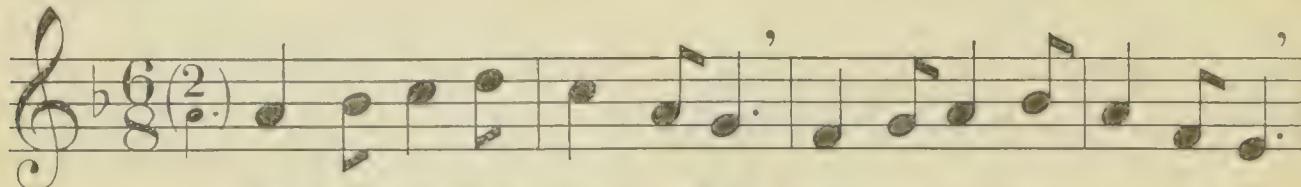
Like sweet an - gel fac - es, beam and shim - - mer.

Chapter XV: The Dotted Quarter-Note Beat; the Quarter and Eighth Note to a Beat

Slowly Creeping Shadows Fall RHYTHM STUDY

Abbie Farwell Brown

Adolf Weidig



Slow-ly creeping shadows fall. Darkness gathers o-ver all.



Comes the night, All is still Un-der-neath the stars.

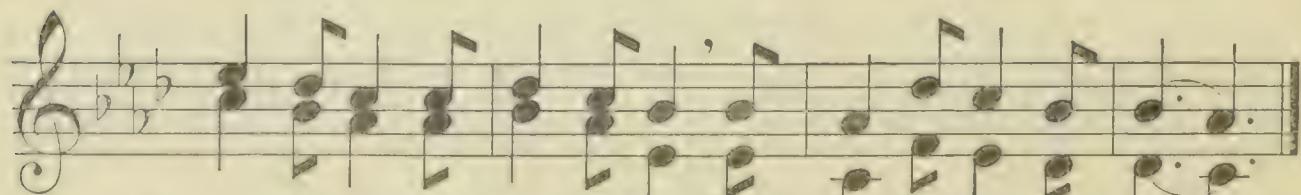
Little Lambs

Ethel B. Howard

Moritz Vogel



1. Lit-tle lambs, as white as snow, A-mong the meadow flow'rs,
2. Home they come at close of day, Like children tired of playing;



Browse and play and wander slow Thro' all the day's bright hours.
Shepherd shows the eas - y way And keeps his lambs from straying.

Winter Cheer

Nellie Poorman

French Folk Song

Musical notation for 'Winter Cheer' in G major, common time. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes.

1. In the win - ter weath-er Chil - dren all are hap - py,
2. While the winds are blow - ing Deep drifts round the windows,

Continuation of musical notation for 'Winter Cheer'.

Gathered close to - geth - er, Round the co - zy fire.
Pop-corn flakes are snow - ing By the cheer - y fire.

Merry Autumn

May Morgan

(Manual, p. 165)

French Folk Song

Musical notation for 'Merry Autumn' in G major, common time. The dynamic is marked 'mf'. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Autumn is a mer-ry fel-low, Wear-ing rus-set clothes.

Continuation of musical notation for 'Merry Autumn'.

When his cloak of red and yel-low On the ground he throws,

Continuation of musical notation for 'Merry Autumn'.

All the fruits grow ripe and mel - low; Ev - 'ry emp - ty

Continuation of musical notation for 'Merry Autumn'.

barn o'er-flows — With the grain that he garners as he goes.

The Shell

Rebecca B. Foresman

(Manual, p. 168)

Horatio Parker
Composed for this Series

1. Up - on the shore I found a shell; I held it to my
 2. That such a lit - tle shell could sing, At first seem'd strange to
 ear. — I listened glad - ly while it sang A sea song, sweet and
 me; — Un - til I tho't that it had learn'd The mu - sic of the
 clear, — Loo, — loo, — A sea song, sweet and clear.
 sea, — Loo, — loo, — The mu - sic of the sea.

Genevieve Fox
From the French

Going Through Lorraine

French Folk Song

(Manual, p. 167)

1. Thro' Lorraine I came a-trudg - ing In my wooden shoes;
 Met three captains gayly marching, Oh, my wooden shoes!
 2. Yet per-haps I'm not so ug - ly In my wooden shoes,
 For the Prince sweet flowers sends me Tho'I've wooden shoes;

And they laughed and called me ug - ly In my clacking, clocking,
 Of Lor - raine I may , be Princess, In my clacking, clocking,
 clumping wooden shoes, Clumping wooden shoes.

Chapter XVI: Melodies in the Harmonic Minor Scale

The Tambourines

Frederick H. Martens
From the French

(Manual, p. 169)

Jean Philippe Rameau

Musical score for "The Tambourines" in G minor, 4/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music with corresponding lyrics below each staff.

Staff 1: Mer-ri-ly the Gyp-sy girls are sing-ing, Mer-ri-ly the
Mer-ri-ly they rove, the high-way tak-ing, Mer-ri-ly like

Staff 2: tam-bou-rines they swing; All the lit-tle tin-kling bells a-
pas-sage birds a-wing; Singing as the tam-bou-rines they're

Staff 3: ring-ing, Tin-tin-nab-u-la-ting, ting-a-ling-a-ling!
shak-ing, Sil-ver bells a-tin-kling, ting-a-ling-a-ling!

Fine

Staff 4: Hap-py is their laugh-ter, gay-ly peal-ing, Mer-ri-ly as

Staff 5: sum-mer days are go-ing; Tho' up-on them win-ter

Staff 6: steal-ing Come with threat of chill winds blow-ing,

D.C.

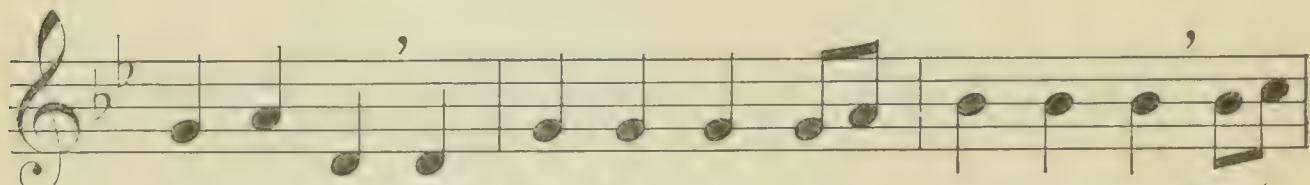
Jack Frost

Gabriel Setoun

(Manual, p. 170)

Marshall Bartholomew
Composed for this Series

The door was shut, as doors should be,
Be - fore you went to
And now you can-not see the hills Nor fields that stretch be-



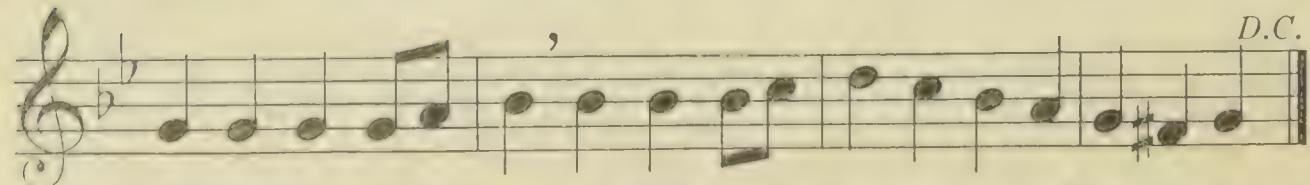
bed last night; Yet Jack Frost has got in, you see, And
yond the lane; But there are fair - er things than these His



left your window sil - ver white. He must have wait - ed
fingers traced on ev - 'ry pane.



till you slept, And not a sin-gle word he spoke, But



pencilled o'er the panes and crept A - way again be-fore you woke.

How Should I Your True Love Know

William Shakespeare

From *Hamlet*

Old English Song

1. How should I your true love know From an - oth - er one?
2. He is dead and gone, la - dy, He is dead and gone.

By his coc - kle __ hat and staff, And his sandal shoon.
At his head a __ grass-green turf, At his heels a stone.

The Old Shepherd

M. Louise Baum

(Manual, p. 166)

Swiss Folk Song

1. I heard a shep - herd play - ing, He piped in plain - tive
2. He piped a song of home - land, Where friends were nev - er

tone; __ His thoughts a - far were stray - ing Where fair - er
cold; __ Of ver - dant field and wood - land With flow'rs that

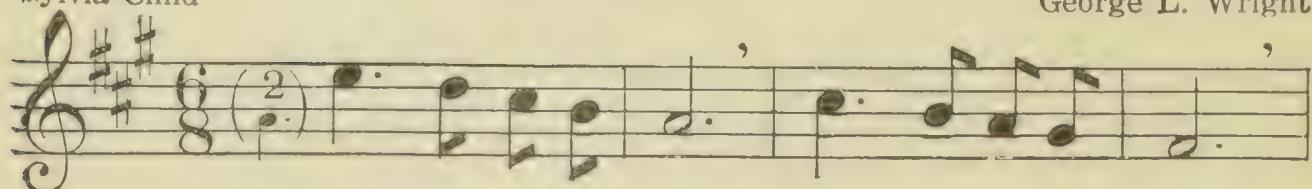
flow'rs had blown. ____
star the mold. ____

Oh, how the winds in the pine tree moan!
Summer is dead and the year is old.

Chapter XVII: The Dotted Quarter-Note Beat; Three Eighth Notes
to a Beat

Snow, Beautiful Snow RHYTHM STUDY

Sylvia Child



George L. Wright

Snow, beau-ti-ful snow! White, feath-er-y snow!



Rollicking days, Frolicking ways; Come, beau-ti-ful snow!

The Sleigh Ride

Margaret Aliona Dole

Canadian Folk Song



1. O - ver the snow we fly, Swift as the swal - low's
2. Smoothly our run - ners glide; Hap-py as birds are



wing. Sparkling the fields go by, Gayly our sleigh-bells ring.
we. Bil - low - y hills we ride, O-ver a broad white sea.

Ring-a-ting Ting

S. M. Rodgers

(Manual, p. 171)

A. L. Abel

mf.

1. Ring-a-ting, ting! Soon will come spring! Bringing new life and joy,
2. But-ter-flies gay, Each sum-mer day, Mak-ing a round of mirth,

Ring - a - ting, ting! Bright sun - ny hours, Sweet gen-tle showers,
Glad-some will play. Chil - dren re - joice, Raise your glad voice;

Call-ing to life a - gain Laps full of flow'rs. Ring-a-ting, ting!
Spring is so beau - ti - ful, Chil-dren re - joice! Ring-a-ting, ting!

Ring-a-ting, ting! Ring-a-ting, ring-a-ting, ting! Ring-a-ting, ting!

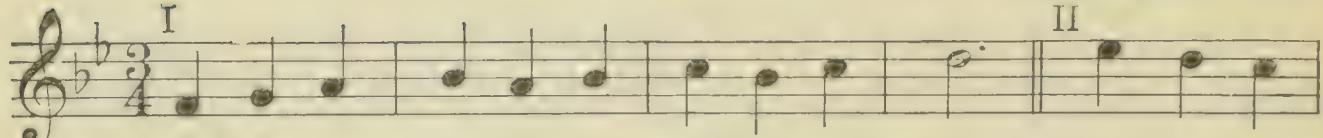
Ring - a - ting, ting! Ring - a - ting, ring - a - ting, ting!

Chapter XVIII: Three-Part Rounds

Seesaw

Old English Round

II



Now I go up on the see-saw, heigh - ho! When I come

III



down a-gain, up you will go. See - saw! See - saw!

Sing Together

Old English Round

II



Sing, sing to - geth - er, Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly sing; Sing, sing to -

III



geth - er, Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing; Sing, sing, sing, sing.

Turn Again, Whittington

Old English Round

III



Turn a-gain, Whittington, Thou worthy ci - ti - zen; Lord Mayor of London.

Chairs to Mend

Old English Round



Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend; rush or canebottom'd, old chairs to mend, old



chairs to mend! New mack - er - el, new mack-er - el, new



mack - er - el, new mack - er - el! Old rags, a - ny old rags; take



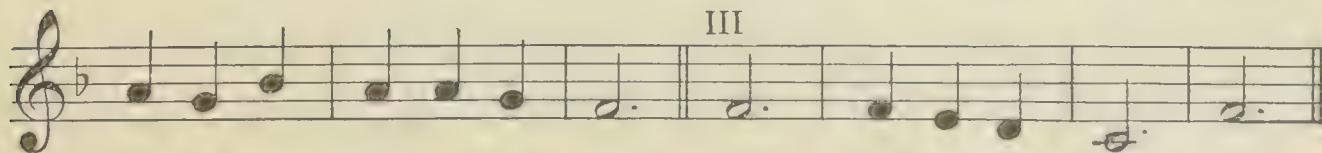
mon-ey for your old rags; a - ny hare skins or rab - bit skins!

Early to Bed

Old English Round



Ear - ly to bed and ear - ly to rise, Makes a man



healthy and wealthy and wise. Wise, healthy, and wealth - y!

Chapter XIX: Simple Song Forms

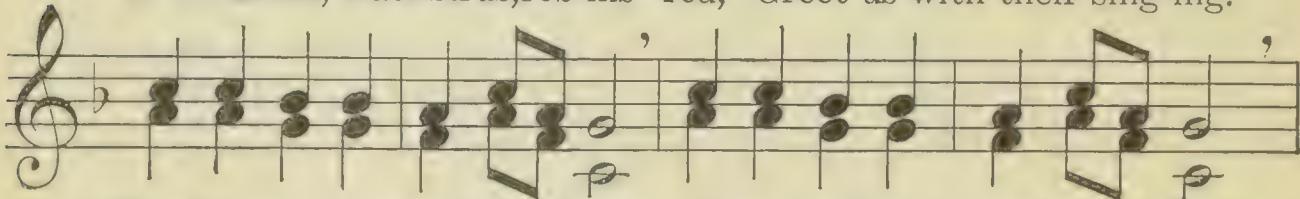
The Birds' Return

George Jay Smith

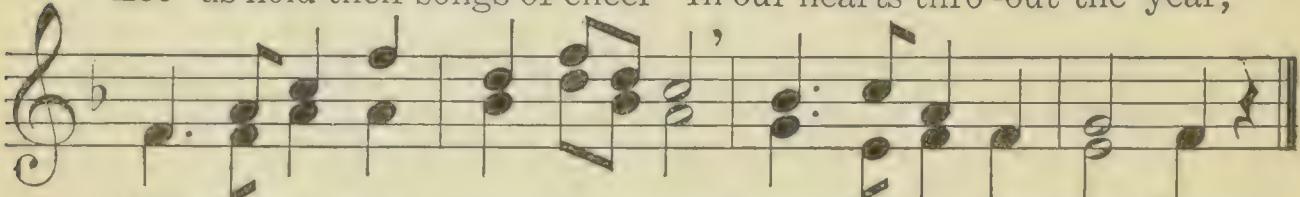
Folk Song



1. All the birds will come a - gain, Bringing with them glad-ness;
2. Thrushes, blackbirds, rob-ins red, Greet us with their sing-ing.



How they twitter, whis-tle, sing, Piping, trill-ing, chat - ter - ing;
Let us hold their songs of cheer In our hearts thro'-out the year;



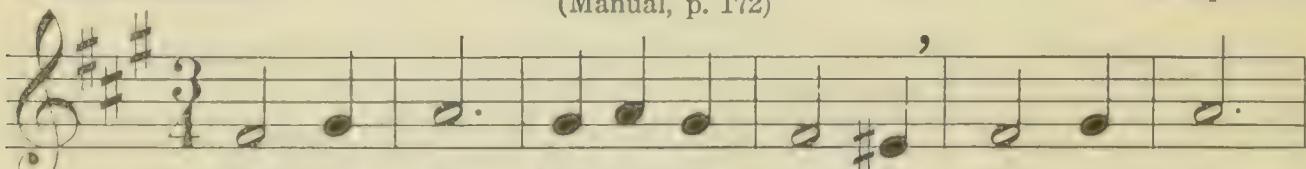
Hail with joy the hap - py spring! Such me - lo - dious mad-ness!
And, when fields are dead and sear, Keep their songs still ring-ing.

A Basque Lullaby

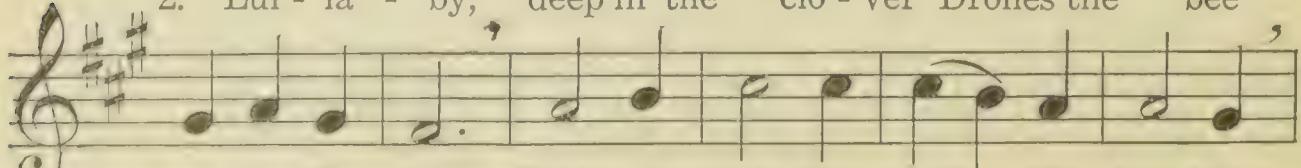
Florence Hoare

(Manual, p. 172)

Basque Air



1. Lul - la - by, twi-light is spread-ing Sil - ver wings
2. Lul - la - by, deep in the clo - ver Drones the bee



o - ver the sky; Fair - y elves are sof - tly tread-ing,
sof - tly to rest; Close white lids your dear eyes o - ver,

Fold-ing buds as they pass by.
Moth-er's arms shall be — your nest.
Lul - la - by,
Lul - la - by,
whis-per and sigh; — Lul - la - by, lul - la - by.

The Skylark

James Hogg

Swedish Folk Song

1. Bird of the wil - der-ness, Blithesome and cum - ber - less,
2. Wild is thy lay and loud, Far in the down - y cloud;

Sweet be thy ma - tin o'er moor-land and lea!
Love gives it en - er - gy, love gave it birth!

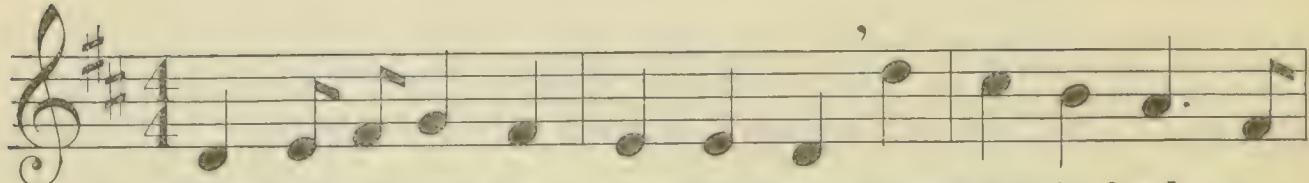
Emblem of hap - pi - ness, Blest is thy dwell-ing place;
Where, on thy dew - y wing, Where art thou jour - ney - ing?

Oh, to a - bide in the des - crt with thee!
Thy lay's in heav - en, thy love is on earth.

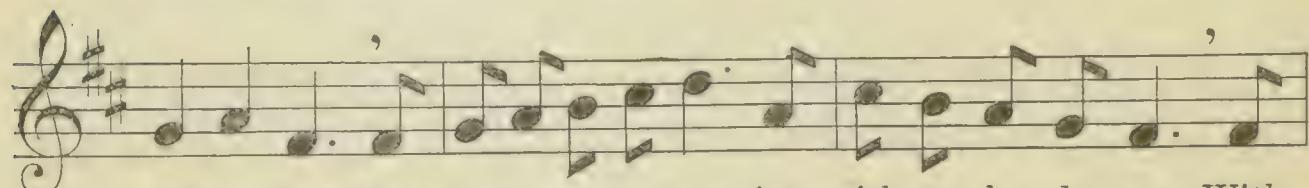
Now, Robin, Lend to Me thy Bow

(Manual, p. 173)

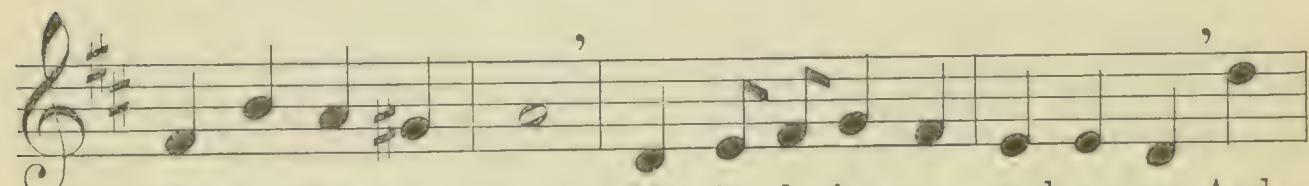
Old English Ballad



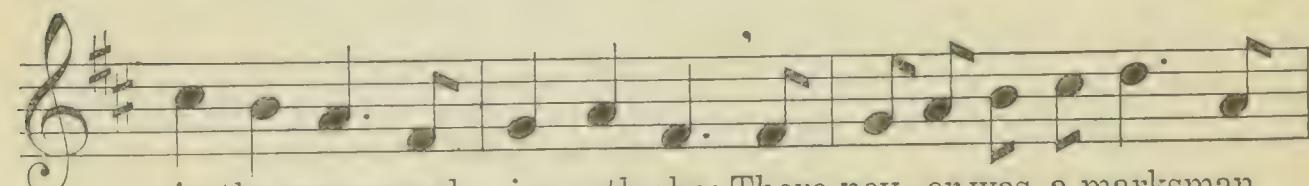
1. Now, Rob-in, lend to me thy bow; Sweet Rob-in, lend to
2. Her mas-ter in the archer's craft, A lit-tle wing-ed



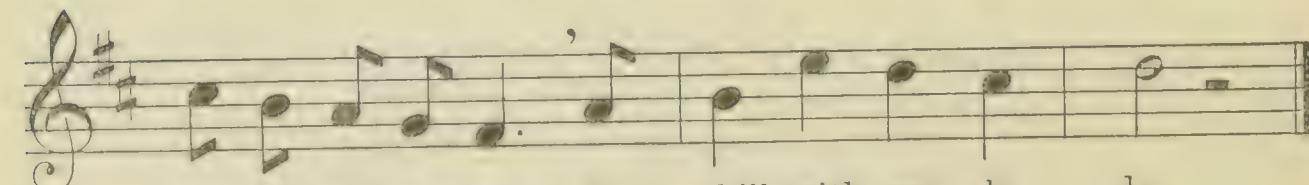
me thy bow; For I must nowa-hun-ting with my la - dy go, With
boy is he. And winged, too, the hart must be that'scapes the shaft Of



my sweet la - dy go. My la - dy is an archer rare, And
my be-lov'd la - dy. He teaches many a maid his art, And



in the greenwood joy - eth she; There nev - er was a marksman
nev - er asks for gift or fee; But none that e'er took aim with



yet who could com-pare In skill with my la - dy.
Cupid's pierc-ing dart Could match with my la - dy.

Chapter XX: Sharp Chromatics; Skips to Sharps, Resolving Upward

Patriot's Song

Ethel B. Howard

Franz Lachner



1. Sing for our na - tive land! Let us, her peo - ple stand
2. World-wide, in ev - 'ry zone, Well is her ban-ner known,



Joined in a val - iant band, Voic - ing thankful praise.
Yet not for might a - lone Love we most our land.



Strong arms her fields to reap, Brave heart her homes to keep,
Hon - or, un-stained and bright, Free-dom, a ho - ly light,



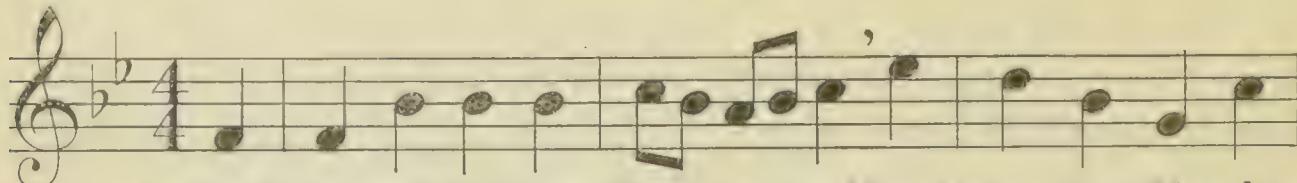
Full life and cour-age deep, May God grant al - ways.
Strong ar - dor for the right; These our love com - mand.

The Lass of Richmond Hill

Leonard MacNally

(Manual, p. 174)

James Hook



1. On Richmond Hill there lives a lass More bright than May-day
2. Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air, And wan-ton thro' the
3. How hap-py will the shepherd be Who calls this nymph his

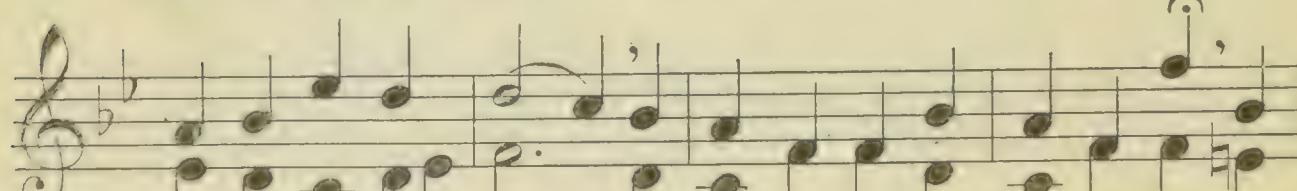


morn, — Whose charms all oth - er
grove, — Oh, whis - per to my
own! — Oh, may her choice be

maids sur - pass, A
charm-ing fair, "I'd
fixed on me! Mine's



rose with-out a thorn.
die for her I love." } This lass so neat, With smilessosweet, Has
fix'd on her a - lone.



won my right good will. — I'd crowns resign To call thee mine, Sweet



lass of Richmond Hill, Sweet lass of Richmond Hill, Sweet lass of Richm'd

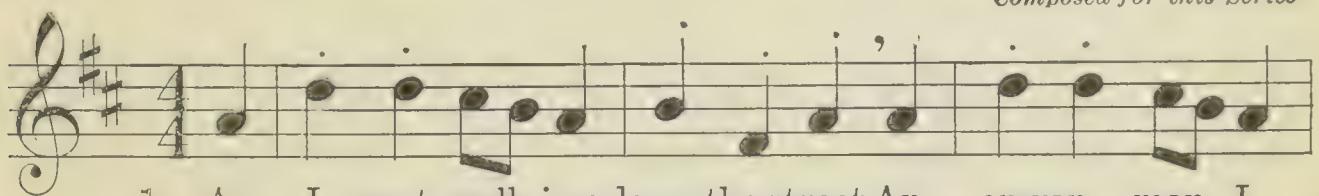


An Adventure

Wilhelmina Seegmiller

(Manual, p. 176)

Adolf Weidig

Composed for this Series

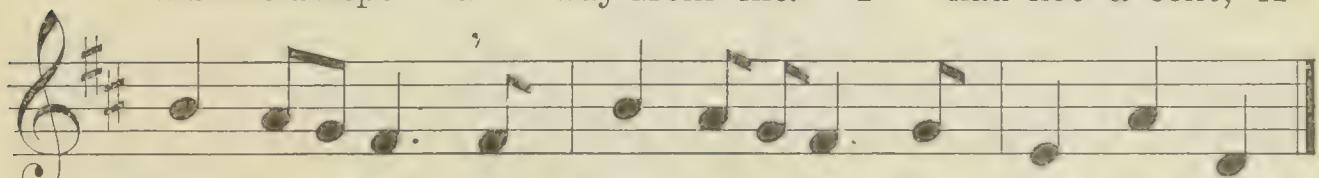
1. As I went walk-ing down the street An or-gan man I
2. The mon-key wore up - on his head Quite jaun - ti - ly a
3. The big folks laugh'd at me, they did, And that is why I



chanced to meet, And while he played, a - bing - i - ty-bang, The
cap of red. 'Twas fun to see him climb up a tree, But
ran and hid. I liked the mon - key up in a tree, But



children hopped and skipped and sang. A - bing - i-ty-bang! They
when he held that cap to me, It spoiled all the play; I
wish he'd kept a - way from me. I had not a cent; A-



skipped and sang. A - bing - i - ty-bang! They skipped and sang.
ran a - way. It spoiled all the play; I ran a - way.
way I went. I had not a cent; A - way I went!

The Cavalier

Sir Walter Scott

(Manual, p. 177)

English Folk Song

1. While the dawn on the moun-tain was mis - ty and gray, My
 2. He has doff'd the silk doub-let, the breastplate to bear; Has

true love has moun-ted his steed, and a - way, O-ver
 placed the steel cap o'er his long, flow-ing hair; From his

hill, o - ver val - ley, o'er dale and o'er down; Heav'n
 belt to his stir - rup his broadsword hangs down; Heav'n

shield the brave Gal - lant that fights for the Crown!

A Prayer for Little Children

Edith C. Rice

(Manual, p. 178)

E. R. Kroeger

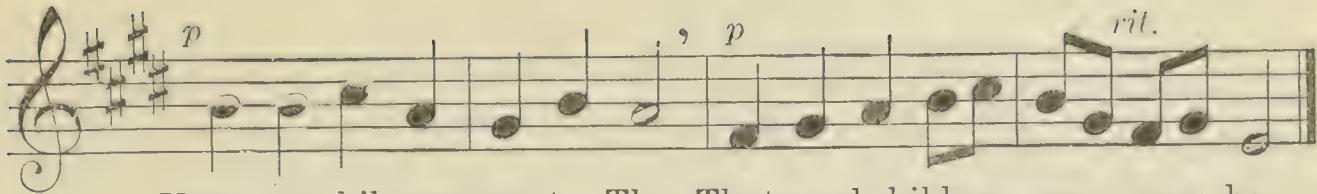
Composed for this Series

p

Help us, Lord, to be to-day Ve-ry kind in all our play.

mf

Make us helpful, make us strong; Show us what is right or wrong.



Hear us while we pray to Thee That good children we may be.

The Four Winds

Frank Dempster Sherman

(Manual, p. 179)

Adam Geibel

Composed for this Series

1. In win - ter, when the wind I hear, I
 2. In spring, when stirs the wind, I know That
 3. In sum - mer, when it sof - tly blows, Soon
 4. In au - tumn, when the wind is up, I

know the clouds will dis - ap - pear; For 'tis the wind who
 soon the cro - cus buds will show; For 'tis the wind who
 red I know will be the rose; For 'tis the wind to
 know the a - corn's out its cup; For 'tis the wind who

sweeps the sky And piles the snow in ridg - es high, And
 bids them wake And in - to pret - ty blos-soms break, And
 her who speaks, And brings the blush - es to her cheeks, And
 takes it out And plants an oak some - where a - bout, And

piles the snow in ridg - es high, in ridg - es high.
 in - to pret - ty blos-soms, pret - ty blos - soms break.
 brings the blush - es, brings the blush - es to her cheeks.
 plants an oak some - where a - bout, some-where a - bout.

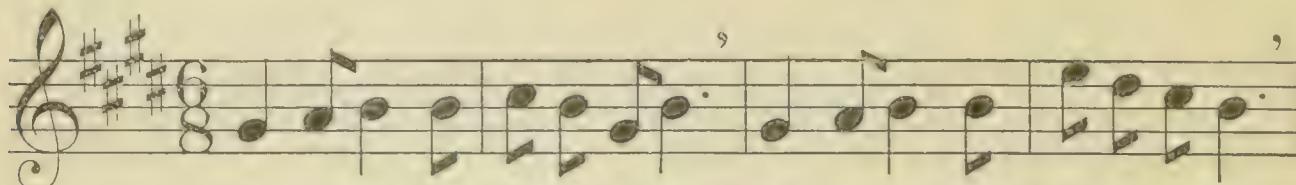
Chapter XXI: The Dotted Quarter-Note Beat; More Advanced Studies

See the Moon

RHYTHM STUDY

Abbie Farwell Brown

Fr. H. Mayer



See the moon, a beautiful boat, Sail the clouds and merrily float.



Now it seems stored with dreams; Beautiful, beautiful boat!

Sleigh Song

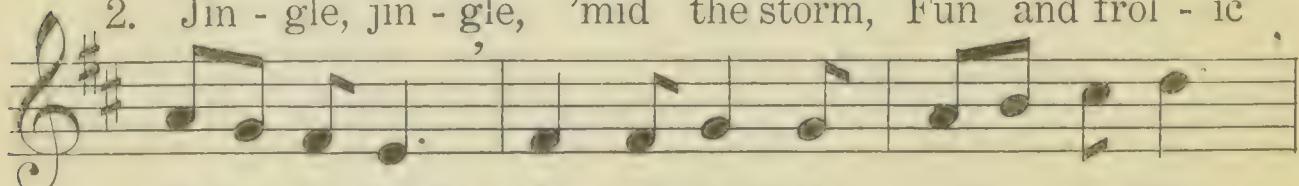
G. W. Pettee

(Manual, p. 180)

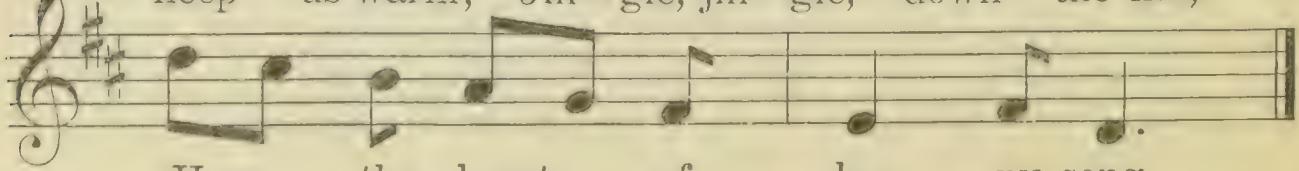
George B. Nevin
Composed for this Series



1. Jin - gle, jin - gle, clear the way; 'Tis the mer - ry,
2. Jin - gle, jin - gle, 'mid the storm, Fun and frol - ic



mer - ry sleigh; As it swif - tly scuds a - long,
keep us warm; Jin - gle, jin - gle, down the hill,



Hear O'er the burst of hap - py song.
the mea - dows, past the mill.

Harvest Home

97

Mary Root Kern

(Manual, p. 182)

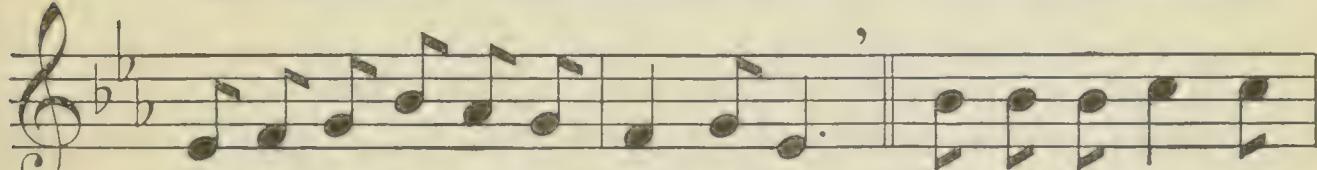
Mary Root Kern



1. Hark to the hum of vi - ol and drum! Down thro' the valley the
2. Barns full of store from hayloft to floor Tell of the blessing our



harvesters come. Ox - en strain the tow - er - ing wain
la - bors bore; Riches of health to joy in the wealth



Full to o'er-flowing for Har - vest Home. Voic-es we raise in
Nature has lavish'd for Har - vest Home. Voic-es we raise in



songs of praise And hymns of thanksgiving for Harvest Home.
songs of praise And hymns of thanksgiving for Harvest Home.

Good Night to You All

THREE-PART ROUND



Good night to you all, and sweet be your sleep. May si - lence sur-



round you, your slum-ber be deep. Good night, good night, good night, good night.

The Fishing Boat

Mary Howitt

(Manual, p. 180)

Felix Borowski

Composed for this Series

1. (Going out) Brisk-ly blows the evening gale, Fresh and free it
 2. (Coming in) Brisk-ly blows the morning breeze, Fresh and strong it

blows; Bless - ings cn - the fish - ing boat, How
 blows; Bless - ings on - the fish - ing boat, How

stead-i - ly on she goes, How stead-i - ly on she goes!
 steadily on she goes, How steadily on she goes!

Follow the Plow with Me

(Manual, p. 181)

Old English Song

1. As I was plowing my fa-ther's field A - cross the hill came
 2. 'Twas up the fur-row and down the next, Com-pan-ion sweet tripp'd

Mar - jo - rie. The far-mer's eld - est son was I, The
 Mar - jo - rie. I plowed the field with might and main; Could

mill - er's daughter she. _____ She gree-ted me kind-ly as
la - bor ligh - ter be? _____ But sweetest she look'd in the

home she hied; I pray'd she would linger and walk by my side. "Come
sun - set red, Her lit - tle white hand on my good horse's head. "Stay

back, comeback, comeback," I cried, "And follow the plow with me."
al-ways here, my dear," I said, "And follow the plow with me."

My Lady Swan

Minnie L. Upton

(Manual, p. 183)

Mary Turner Salter
Composed for this Series

1. My La - dy Swan Floats on and on, A - cross the lit - tle
2. As pure and white, As fair and bright As win - ter snow, is

lake so blue, And in her wake The rip - ples break, And
La - dy Swan; With grace-ful curves She bows and swerves, And

spar - kle like the morn - ing dew.
like a fair - y boat sails on.

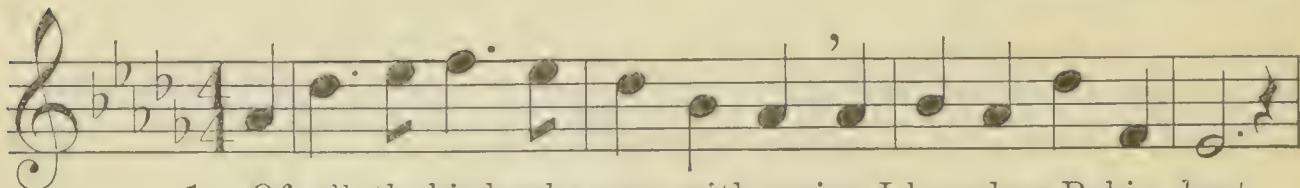
Chapter XXII: Flat Chromatics; Skips to Flats, Resolving Downward

Master Robin

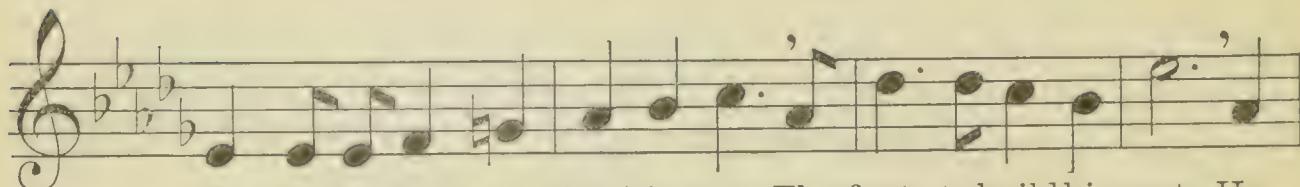
Zitella Cocke

(Manual, p. 184)

Horatio Parker
Composed for this Series



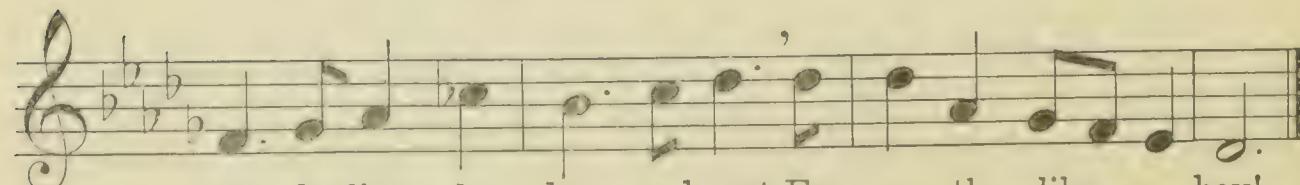
1. Of all the birds who come with spring, I love dear Robin best.
2. He's not a cow-ard, no, not he; He nev-er takes a dare,
3. He steps quite like a dan-dy gay When out on dress pa-rade,



He is the first to sing his song, The first to build his nest. He
But if there's a ny fun around, He's sure to take his share. Be-
And tho' Jack Frost is watching him, He's not a bit a-fraid. But



greets you, too, as you pass by With such a note of joy, I
sides, he is a gen-tle-man, Who's always nicely dressed In
in - de-pen-dent as you please, He heeds no-bo-dy's call, And



do be-lieve he has a heart Ex - ac - tly like a boy!
quite a sty - lish swal-low-tail And ve - ry hand-some vest.
sings just when he has a mind, In springtime or in fall.

Peaceful Night

M. Louise Baum

(Manual, p. 185)

August Bungert

From hills of rest de - scand - ing Now comes the peace-ful
The cra - dle goes a - sway - ing, The night moths are a -

night. With one last bird song blend - ing, My lul - la - by flows
wing, And God's own hand is lay - ing His peace on ev - 'ry -

light. Play-things at last in qui - et ____ lie, Where
thing. An - gels who love my lit - tle ____ child Their

dus - ky shadows creep. Good night, ____ good night, good night, my
watch o'er him will keep. Good night, ____ good night, good night, my

child, and hap - py sleep, Hap - - py sleep.
child, and hap - py sleep, Hap - - py sleep.

Slumber Song

Ethel B. Howard

(Manual, p. 186)

Julius Hey

1. Sof-tly sleep, my ba - by dear, While I rock thee gen - tly here,
 2. By thy era - dle, all the night, Stands a shi - ning an - gel white,

Swinging to and fro; Flow'rs and babies fall asleep, Dreams from dreamland
 Guarding thee from harm. Sleep until the morning clear; Angels watch o'er

rit.

nearer creep, When the sunbeams go, When the sunbeams go.
 babies dear, Safe in mother's arms, Safe in mother's arms.

Lovely Evening THREE-PART ROUND

C. Schulz

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in common time, key of G major. The vocal parts are arranged in three staves. The Soprano part (top staff) starts with a melodic line: quarter note, eighth note, eighth note, quarter note, eighth note, eighth note, eighth note, eighth note, eighth note, eighth note. The Alto part (middle staff) begins with a melodic line: eighth note, eighth note. The Bass part (bottom staff) begins with a melodic line: eighth note, eighth note. The lyrics are as follows:

I Oh, how love - ly is the eve-ning, is the eve-ning,
II When the bells are swee - tly ring - ing, sweetly ring - ing!
III Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong!

Farewell to the Woods

Nellie Poorman

H. Esser

The musical score consists of five staves of music in common time, treble clef, and B-flat key signature. The lyrics are integrated with the music, appearing below each staff.

Staff 1:

1. Fare - well to thee, dear for - est home, Fare - well, fare -
 2. Ye — fragrant pines that tow'r so high, Fare - well, fare -

Staff 2:

well; Hence - forth in dis - tant lands I roam, Fare -
 well; Ye wood-land flow - ers, sweet and shy, Fare -

Staff 3:

well, fare - well. I'll ne'er for - get thy
 well, fare - well. Wild for - est crea - tures,

Staff 4:

sha - dy ways, Thy sheltered nooks, thy leaf - y maze; Each
 glad and free, A — parting song I sing to ye, I

Staff 5:

fra - grant dell, Fare - well, fare - well!
 love so well. Fare - well, fare - well!

Chapter XXIII: The Quarter-Note Beat; Dotted-Eighth and Sixteenth Notes

Dripping Rain RHYTHM STUDY

Abbie Farwell Brown

Fr. H. Mayer

With a drip, drip, drip, And a drop, drop, drop, See the rain on the pane; Will it stop, stop, stop? With a wink, wink, wink, And a blink, blink, blink, Will the sun shine a-gain, Do you think?

Lords and Ladies

William Brighty Rands

(Manual, p. 187)

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

1. Lords and la-dies, red and white, By the riv-er grow-ing,
2. I will be a lord to-day. (Round the world is go-ing.)
3. "I will be your la-dy fair If you will show du-ty."

Red and white is my de-light, When the stream is flow-ing.
Will you be a la-dy gay? (Ro-ses, ro-ses blow-ing.)
I will love be-yond compare, You shall be my beau-ty.

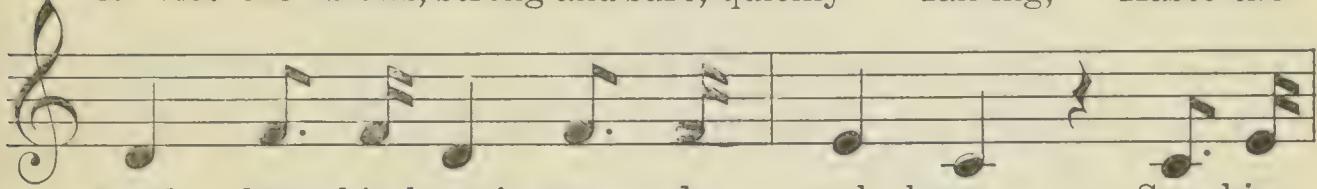
The Sturdy Blacksmith

(Manual, p. 188)

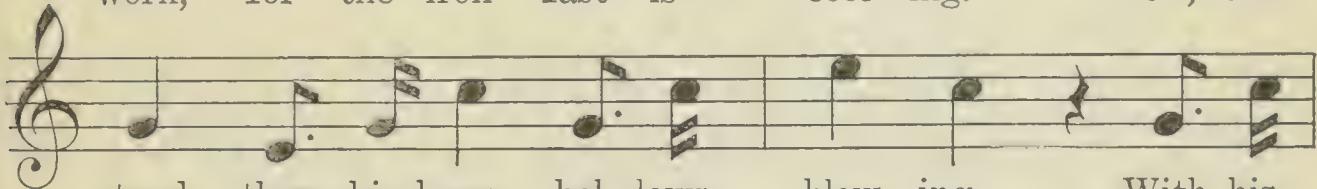
W. A. Mozart



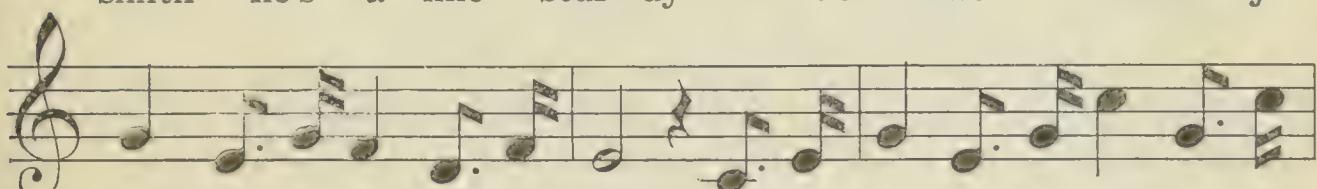
1. Oh, the black-smith's a fine stur-dy fel-low! Hard his
 2. Blow the fire, stir the coals, heaping more on; Till the
 3. Let the blows, strong and sure, quickly fall-ing, Haste the



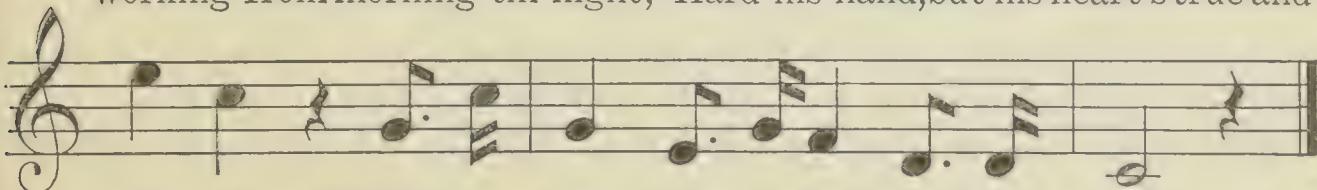
hand, but his heart's true and mel-low. See him
 iron's all a-glow, let it roar on! While the
 work, for the iron fast is cool-ing. Oh, the



stand there, his huge bel-lows blow-ing, With his
 smith high his ham-mer's a - swing-ing,
 smith he's a fine stur-dy fel-low! Fi-'ry
 Brave-ly



strong brawny arms free and bare. See the fire in the furnace a-sparks fall in show'rs all a-round. And the sledge on the anvil is working from morning till night; Hard his hand, but his heart's true and



glow-ing; Bright its spar-kle and flash, loud its roar.
 ring-ing; Fills the air with its loud clanging sound.
 mel-low; Like his anvil, he stands for the right.

Indeed it is True

Kate Greenaway

(Manual, p. 189)

Horatio Parker

In - deed it is true, it is per - fec - tly true. Be -
lieve me, in-deed, I am play - ing no tricks. An old
man and his dog bide up there in the moon, And he's
cross as a bun - dle of sticks.

The Violet

M. Louise Baum

J. F. Reichardt

1. With - in a gras-sy mea-dow grew A vio - let, mod-est,
2. The maid drew nearer, fair to see, And vio - let, trembling,
fair, and blue.(It was a love-ly vio - let.) A pret-ty maid-en
thought:"O me, Perhaps she'll pluck and wear me." As past the flow'r she

danced that way, And oh, I heard the vio - let say, "Up -
trod so light, Un - heed - ing it she crushed it quite; But
on her heart but one sweet day could I but lie!"
vio - let said, "Tis my de - light thro' her to die."

Sweet Good Night

(Manual, p. 198)

Abbie Farwell Brown
From the French

H. G. Nägeli

1. Sweet good night! Sweet good night! Merry day has taken flight.
2. Sweet good night! Sweet good night! In the sky the stars are bright.

Hark, a lit - tle bird is peeping; In his nest he should be
Sleepy eyes are slowly clos - ing; Lit - tle children all are

sleep - ing. Close your weary eye - lids tight. Sweet good
doz - ing. Si - lence now till morn - ing light, So good

night, Sweet good night! Sleep thro' - the night.
night, So good night! Sleep till - the light.

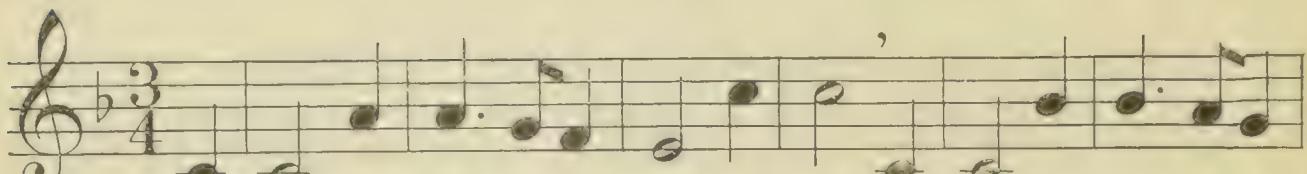
Chapter XXIV: Three Tones Ascending Chromatically

Happy Birds

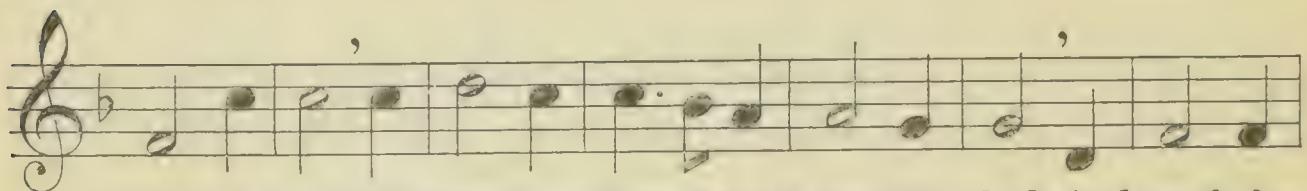
George Jay Smith

(Manual, p. 190)

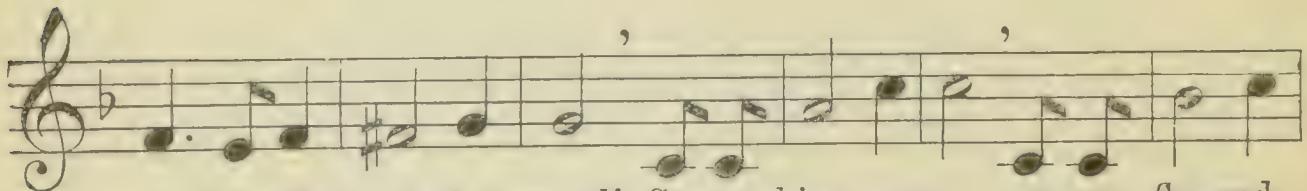
Wilhelm Müller



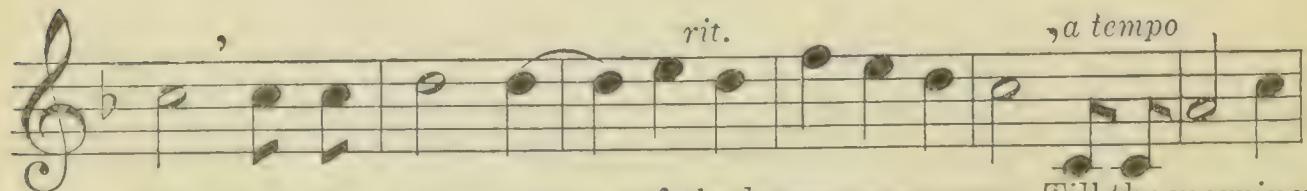
We birds live mer-ri-ly all day long! In leaf - y branches we



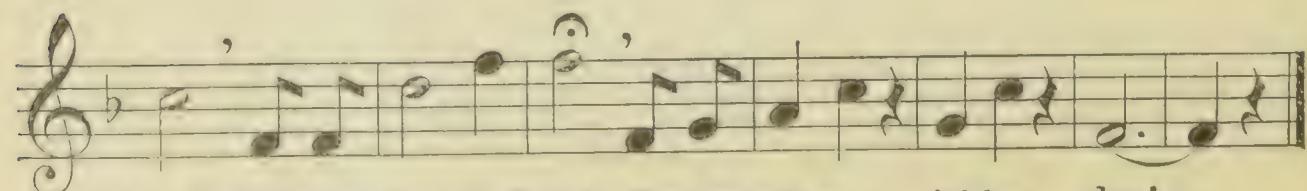
sing our song! We're well and happy with tree for bed, And earth for



ta-ble all rich - ly spread! So we chirp a-way as we fly and



play, And when night comes sof-tly dream as we sway, Till the morning



bright bids us rise in flight For an-oth-er jolly day! —

Questioning Raindrops

Margaret Aliona Dole

(Manual, p. 191)

Russian Folk Song

Raindrops at the win - dow, Tapping on the pane,
Ask of one an - oth - er, "Do we knock in vain?"

O Tell Me, Pretty River

Samuel G. Goodrich

Georg Döring

O tell me, pretty riv - cr Whence do thy waters flow? And
whither art thou roam-ing So smoothly and so slow? My
birthplace was the mountain, My nurse the A-pril showers; My
cra-dle was the foun-tain, O'er-curtained by wild flowers.

Chapter XXV: Three Tones Descending Chromatically

Sunshine After Clouds

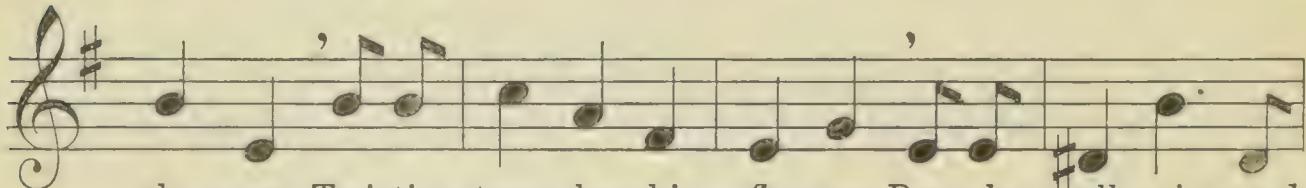
(Manual, p. 192)

Nellie Poorman

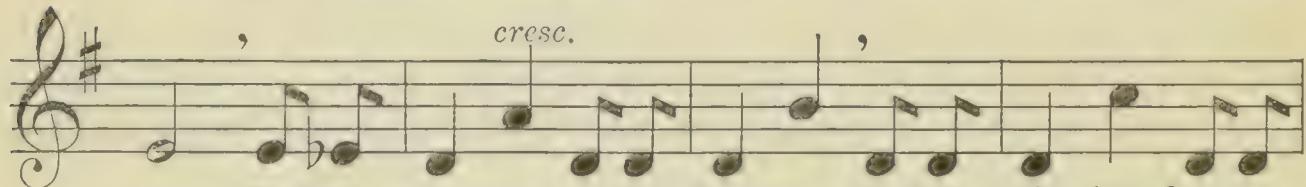
K. v. Woyna



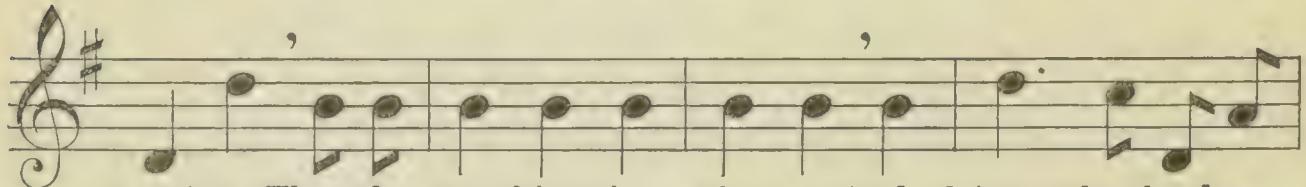
1. What a sad A-pril day! Dri-ving tem-pest, drenching
2. Au-tumn weath-er is gray, And the earth seems worn and



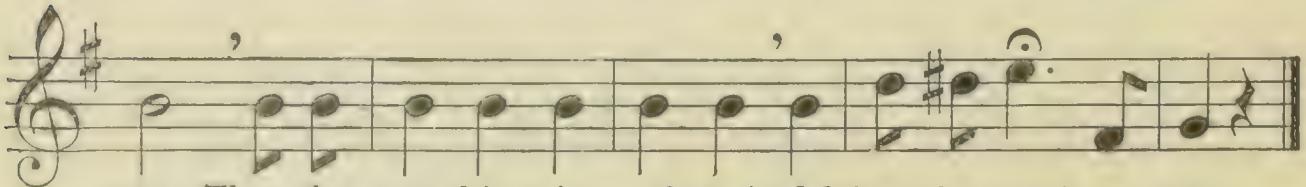
show-ers; Twisting trees, breaking flowers; Branches all swing and
wea - ry; Leaden skies are so drea-ry; Hear the wind's mournful



sway. Daf - fo - dils now sadly drooping, Stately lil - ies low are
lay. Then re - mem - ber that De-cem - ber Follows af - ter bleak No-



stooping. Then the sun shines in glo - ry And drives the clouds a -
vember, Bringing Christmas Day mer - ry, To drive our gloom a -



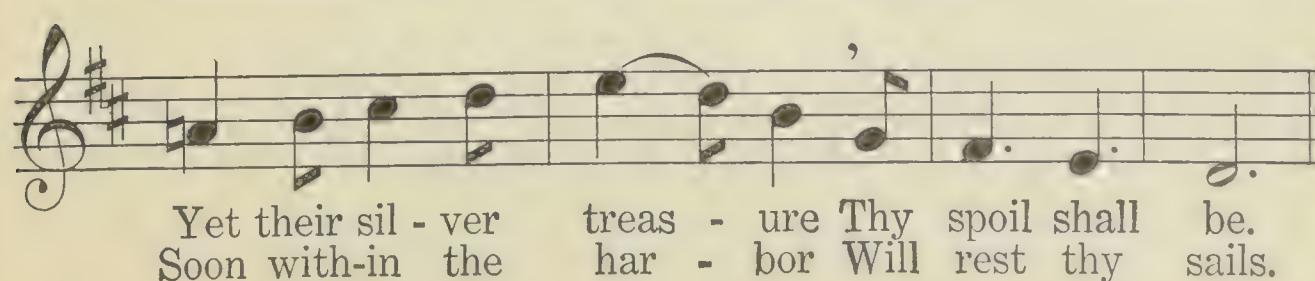
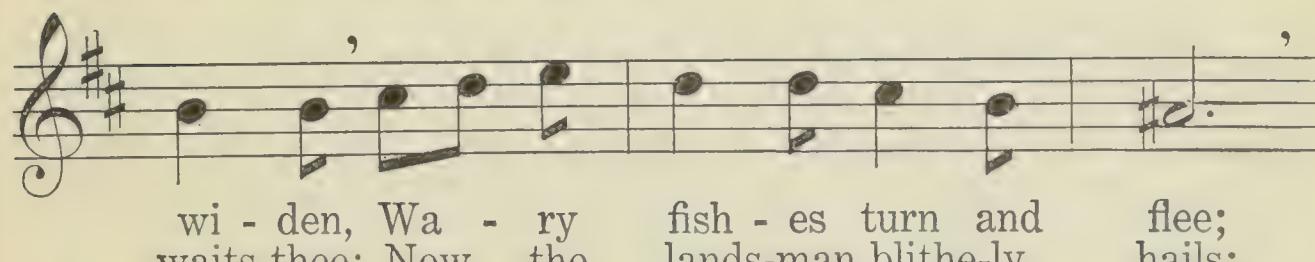
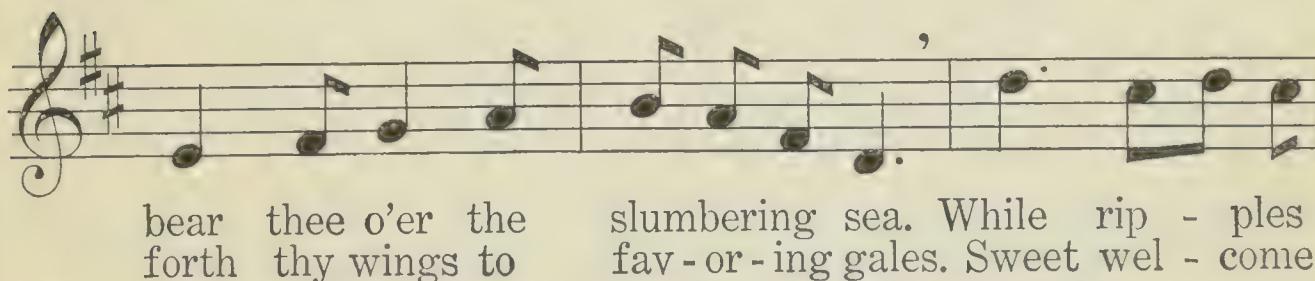
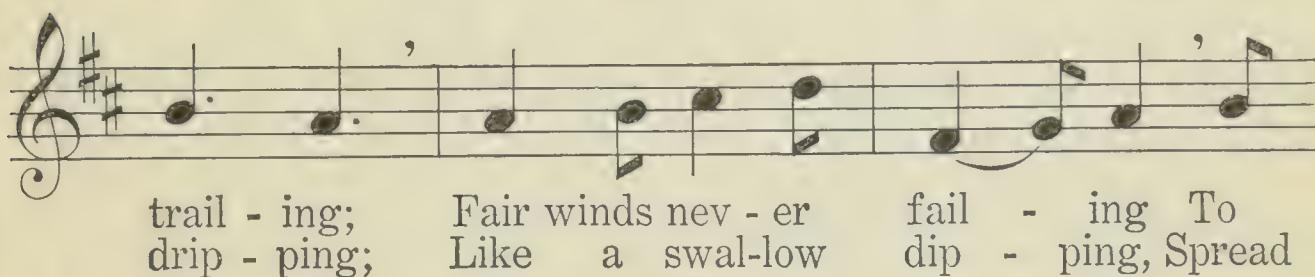
way; Then the sun shines in glory And drives the clouds a - way.
way; Bringing Christmas Day merry, To drive our gloom a - way.

Go, Little Boat

Maud Wilder Goodwin

(Manual, p. 194)

A. Danhauser



Early Morning in May

Seymour Barnard

(Manual, p. 196)

Ludwig van Beethoven

1. Ear - ly morn - ing in May! All a - round — are blossoms
 2. Ear - ly morn - ing in May! Lit - tle birds — a-wake and

blowing; Ah, what bright flow-ers they! Pet-als spread as tho' to
 winging; Ah, what bright wings have they! Blue and crim-son, brown and

fly. Lit - tle blue bud, What are you, bud? Are you
 gold. Lit - tle blue bird, What are you, bird? Are you

bird without its wings or true bud? Are you bird with-out
 blossom on the wing or true bird? Are you blos - som with

wings, Lit - tle blue — bud, or a true bud? Are you
 wings, Lit - tle blue — bird, or a true bird? Are you

bird with - out wings, On the mea - dow left to lie?
 blos - som that sings, Lit-tle blue bird, bright and bold?

PART THREE: ASSEMBLY SONGS

The Blackbird

(Manual, p. 199)

M. Louise Baum

Italian Folk Song

1. Thro' the field I went a - whistling loud and clear; Ho! Are you
 2. "I have sung," he said, "till dawn grew ro - sy red, Ho! Then I

there, my friend, the black - bird? And my
 set the cocks a - crow - ing, Next I

mer - ry shout and whis - tle do you hear? Ho! Come, wake
 whistled all the children out of bed, Ho! And I

up for there's the sun. Then I heard, Ho! How the
 put the mill at work. Nestling each, Ho! That I

bird, Ho! Called in glee to me with ech - o of my fun. "I a -
 teach, Ho! Reads the skies as wise as an - y weather clerk. Look a -

wake? Ho! You mis - take, Ho! For my day's work's half - way done!
 live, Ho! They who thrive, Ho! While the sun shines, nev - er shirk."

A Man Who Would Woo a Fair Maid

(Manual, p. 200)

W. S. Gilbert

Peter Christian Lutkin
Composed for this Series

1. A man who would woo a fair maid _____ Should
 2. He should pren - tice him - self at four - teen _____ And
 3. It is pure - ly a mat - ter of skill, _____ Which

pren - tice him - self to the trade; _____ Should
 prac - tice from morn - ing to e'en; _____ And
 all may at - tain if they will; _____ But

stud - y all day in me - thod - i - cal way How to
 when he's of age, if he will, I'll en - gage He may
 yet ev - 'ry Jack, he must stud - y the knack, If he

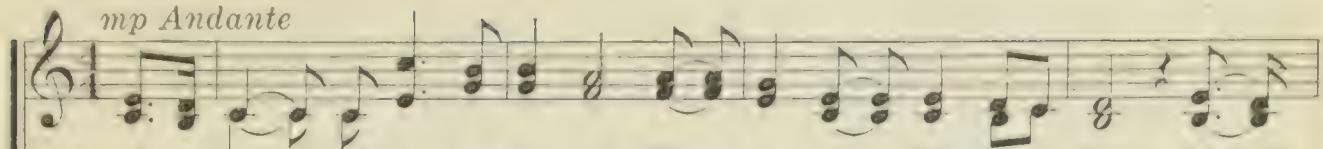
flat - ter, ca - jole, and per - suade. _____
 cap - ture the heart of a queen. _____
 wants to make sure of his Jill. _____

Annie Laurie

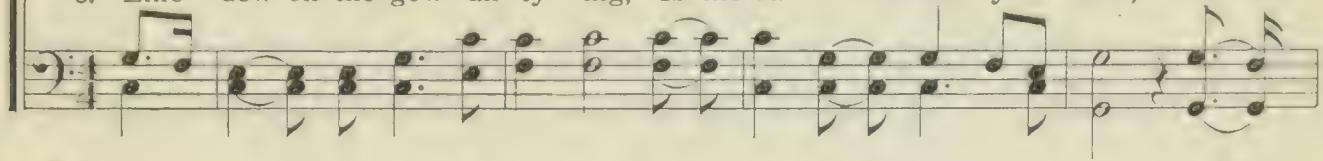
(Manual, p. 201)

Douglass of Fingland

Scotch Tune

mp Andante

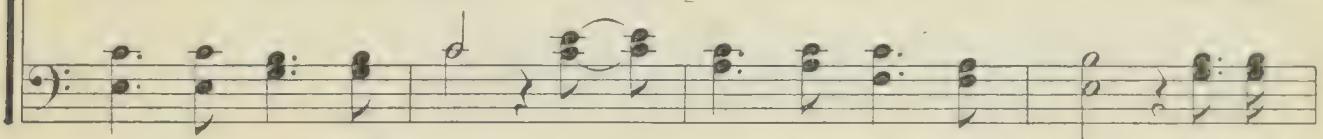
1. Max - well - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And it's
 2. Her brow is like the snow-drift, Her throat is like the swan, Her
 3. Like dew on the gow - an ly - ing, Is the fa' o' her fair - y feet, And like



there that An - nie Lau - rie, Gave me her prom - ise true. Gave
 face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on. That
 winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is soft and sweet. Her



me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be, And for
 e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e, And for
 voice is soft and sweet, And she's a' the world to me, And for



bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me doon and dee.



The Low-backed Car

(Manual, p. 202)

Samuel Lover

Irish Folk Song

1. When first I saw sweet Peg - gy 'Twas on a mar - ket day; A
 2. Sweet Peg - gy round her car, sir, Has strings of ducks and geese, But the
 3. I'd rath - er own that car, sir, With Peg - gy by my side, Than a

low-backed car she drove, and sat Up - on a truss of hay. But
 scores of hearts she slaug - ters By far out-num - ber these; While
 coach and four, and gold ga - lore, And a la - dy for my bride. For a

when that hay was bloom-ing grass, And decked with flow'rs of spring, No
 she a-mong her poul - try sits, Just like a tur - tle - dove, Well
 la - dy would sit for - ninst me, On a cush - ion made with taste, While

flow'r was there that could com - pare With the bloom - ing girl I
 worth the cage I do en - gage Of the bloom - ing god of
 Peg - gy would sit be - side me With my arm a - round her

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sing ! As she sat in the low - backed car,
 love ! While she sits in her low - backed car,
 waist, While we drove in the low - backed car
 The —
 The —
 To be

man at the turn - pike bar Nev - er asked for the toll, — But just
 lov - ers come near and far And en - vy the chicken That
 mar - ried by Fath - er Mah'r; Oh, my heart would beat high — At her

rubbed his old poll, — And looked af - ter the low - backed car.
 Peg - gy is pick - in' As she sits in her low - backed car.
 glance and her sigh, — Tho' it beat in a low - backed car.

Row, Row, Row Your Boat FOUR-PART ROUND

(Manual, p. 203)

E. O. Lyte

Old Black Joe

(Manual, p. 204)

Stephen C. Foster

Stephen C. Foster

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
 3. Where are the hearts once so happy and so free? The

Gone are my friends from the cot - ton fields a - way;
 Why do I sigh that my friends come not a - gain?
 chil - dren so dear that I held up - on my knee?

Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land I know, I
 Griev - ing for forms now de - par - ted long a - go, I
 Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go, I

CHORUS

hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!" I'm
 hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Oid Black Joe!" I'm
 hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!" I'm

com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend - ing low; I
 hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

New Year's Song

(Manual, p. 207)

Kate Louise Brown

C. Meister

mf

1. Calm is the win - ter's night; Stars in the heav - ens bright
 2. White is his an - cient head, Heav - y his sol - emn tread;
 3. Who, crowned with gol - den locks, Now at the por - tal knocks,

p

Shine cold and clear. Who seeks the mid - night gate, Wan - der - ing
 Par - tings are near. Well has he served us all, Well may we
 Bring - ing good cheer? "O - pen, my friend, and see, I have great

cres. *f*

far and late? No lon - ger can he wait, Wea - ry Old Year.
 fond - ly call, "Blessings up - on thee fall, Faith - ful Old Year."
 gifts for thee; O - pen and wel - come me, Hap - py New Year."

A Song for Hal

(Manual, p. 206)

Laura E. Richards

From *In My Nursery*

Copyright, 1890, by Roberts Brothers

Moderato con moto

Daniel Protheroe
Composed for this Series

1. Once I saw a lit - tle boat, such a pret - ty lit - tle boat, As the
2. All the fish - es were a - sleep, in their caves so cool and deep, When the
3. But just then up jumps the sun, and the fish - es ev - 'ry one For their



morn - ing light the hill was a - dorm - ing; Quick - ly
 rip - ple round my keel flashed a warn - ing. Said the
 la - zi - ness at once fell a - mourn - ing. But I



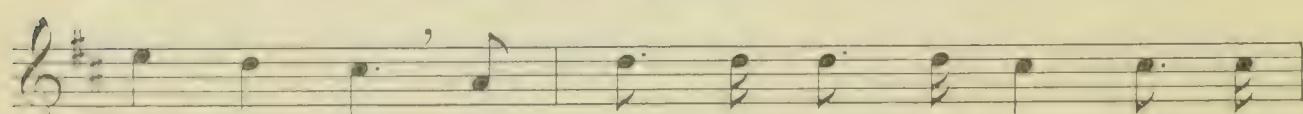
in - to it I jumped and a - way then I did float, Oh, so
 min - now to the skate, "We must cer - tain - ly be late, Tho' I
 stayed to hear no more, for my boat had reach'd the shore, Oh, so



ve - ry, ve - ry ear - ly in the morn - ing.
 thought 'twas ve - ry ear - ly in the morn - ing."
 ve - ry, ve - ry ear - ly in the morn - ing.



And ev - 'ry lit - tle wave had its night-cap on, Its night - cap, white cap,



night - cap on; And ev - 'ry lit - tle wave had its



night - cap on, So ve - ry, ve - ry ear - ly in the morn - ing.

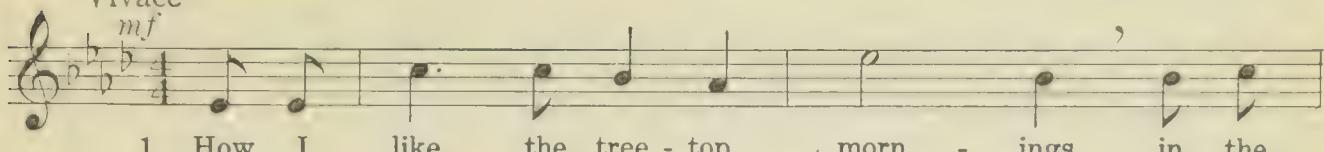
Tree-Top Mornings

(Manual, p. 208)

Ethelwyn Wetherald

Peter Christian Lutkin
Composed for this Series

Vivace

mf

1. How I like the tree - top morn - ings in the
2. Oh, what fun on tree - top morn - ings in the



ear - ly, ear - ly spring! There's a stea - dy sound of roaring Like a
ear - ly, ear - ly spring! When the wind is loud as thun - der, And it



score of riv - ers pouring, Or a hun - dred gi - ants snor - ing, Or a
snaps the boughs a - sun - der, And it lifts you up from un - der, Just to



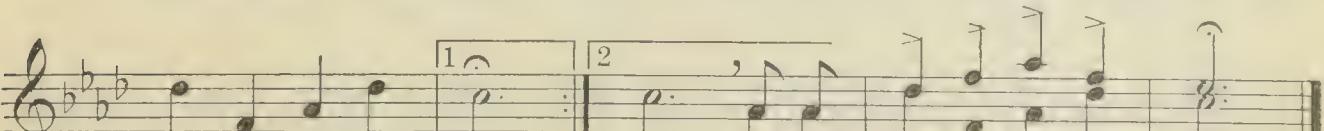
thousand birds up - soar - ing. There's a rat - tle as of bat - tle and a
run zig - zag and won - der At the hur - ry and the scur - ry that such



sort of splendid swing Of the branches and the curtains and of
win - dy mornings bring; At the flapping and the slapping of the



al - most ev - 'ry - thing. Oh, I love the tree - top morn - ings in the
clothesline on the wing. Oh, I love the tree - top morn - ings in the



ear - ly, ear - ly spring!

ear - ly, ear - ly

spring! In the ear - ly, ear - ly

spring!

The Pilgrim

(Manual, p. 205)

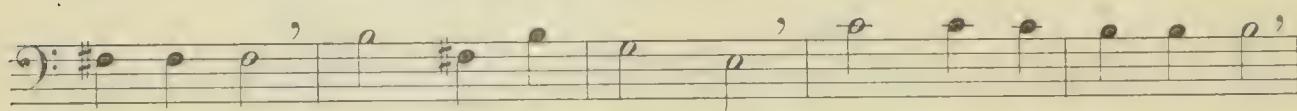
John Bunyan

Allegro
marcato

1. Who would true val - our see,
2. Who - so be - set him round
3. Nor en - e - my nor friend

Let him come hith - er !
With dis - mal sto - ries,
Can daunt his spir - it;

One here will
Do but them -
He knows he



con-stant be, Come wind, come weath - er. There's no dis - cour - age - ment
selves confound; His strength the more is. No li - on can him fright;
at the end Shall life in - her - it. Then, fan - cies, fly a - way;



Shall make him once re - lent His first avow'd in - tent To be a Pil - grim.
Hell with a gi - ant fight; But he will have a right To be a Pil - grim.
Hell not fear what men say; Hell la - bor night and day To be a Pil - grim.

Good Night

(Manual, p. 211)

Victor Hugo

Andante sostenuto

Max Reger
Composed for this Series

A musical score for 'Good Night' by Victor Hugo. The key signature is common time (indicated by 'C'). The tempo is Andante sostenuto. The vocal line consists of two staves of music. The lyrics are as follows:

Good night! Good night! Far flies the light; But

still God's love Shall flame a - bove And make all bright. Good

rit. *mf* *a tempo* *f*, *p*

rit. *mf* *a tempo* *f*, *p*

night! Good night! Good night! Good night! Good night! Good night!

Ballade of Sea Music

(Manual, p. 210)

Mortimer Wheeler

William E. Haesche
Composed for this Series

Swinging

Sink, sun, in crim - son far a-way. Float out, pale moon, a -

bove the roar. While, brown and sil - ver, flame and gray,

Round rock and sand the wa - ters pour. For night has clue to -

all the store Of wild wave har - mo - ny that rings;

And earth hath not, in all her lore, The le - gends that sea mu - sic brings.

Hymn to Night

(Manual, p. 212)

From the French

Andantino

Franz Xavier Chwatal

p ,*f* *mf* *p*

1. Love - ly night, oh, love - ly night, Spread - ing o - ver
 2. Ho - ly night, oh, ho - ly night, Plac - ing brigh - ter

p ,*f* *p* *mf* *p*

hill and mea - dow Soft and slow thy ha - zy shad - ow.
 worlds be - fore us; Hap - pi - ness thou shed - dest o'er us.

And To

Soon our wea - ried eye - lids close, turn Slum - ber dull
 Oh, that we might ne'er re - turn This - dull

f cresc.

in thy blest re - pose; Soon our wea - ried eye - lids
 earth to weep and mourn; Oh, that we might ne'er re - cresc.

p

close, ————— And
turn ————— To

close, ————— Slum - ber in thy blest re - pose.
turn ————— This dull earth to weep and mourn.

Robin Goodfellow

(Manual, p. 209)

Ancient English Song

From O - ber - on in fair - y - land, The King of Ghosts and

Shad - ows, there, Mad Rob - in, I, at his com - mand, Am

sent to view the night sports here. What rev - el rout is

kept a - bout In ev - 'ry cor - ner where I go? I

will o'er - see and mer - ry be, And make good sport with ho! ho! ho!

The Minuet

(Manual, p. 213)

W. A. Mozart

p

1. When dames wore hoops and powdered hair, And ve - ry strict was
2. O - ver his la - dy's outstretch'd hand Each gal-lant bends right

et - i - quette, When men were brave and ladies fair, They danc'd the min - u - et.
grace - ful - ly; Gra - cious of mien, with manner grand, She sweeps a cour - te - sy.

mf

Slip - pers, high-heeled with poin - ted toe, Trod state - ly measures to and fro.
Our whirl - ing steps of mod - ern days Those lords and la - dies would a - maze,

cresc.

Quite de-mure, sedate, and bow - ing low They danced the min - u - et.
Yet the min - u - et we still must praise For grace and dig - ni - ty.

Sweet and Low

(Manual, p. 216)

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Joseph Barnby

Larghetto pp

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the wes - tern sea;
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;

Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the wes - tern sea;
 Rest, rest on moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;

mf

O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing
 Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all
 (Alto) O - - - ver the wa - ters go, (A.B.) Come _____ from the
 Fa - - - ther _____ will come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out

dim.

moon, _____ and blow, Blow him a - gain to me,
 out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver moon,
 moon, _____ and blow,
 of _____ the west,

p *rall e dim.*

While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.
 Sleep my lit - tle one, sleep my pret - ty one, sleep.

Love's Old Sweet Song

(Manual, p. 214)

G. Clifton Bingham
p Quietly

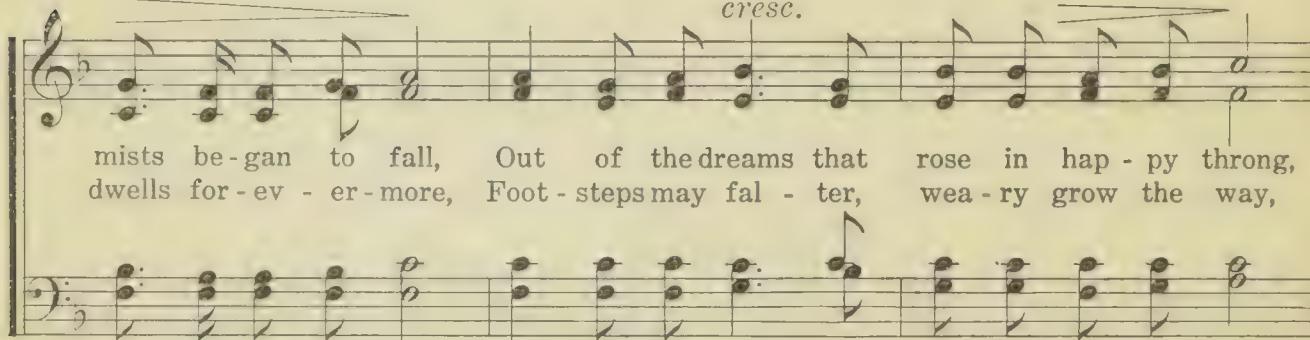
J. L. Molloy



1. Once in the dear, dead days be-yond re-call, When on the world the
2. E - ven to - day we hear Love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it



cresc.



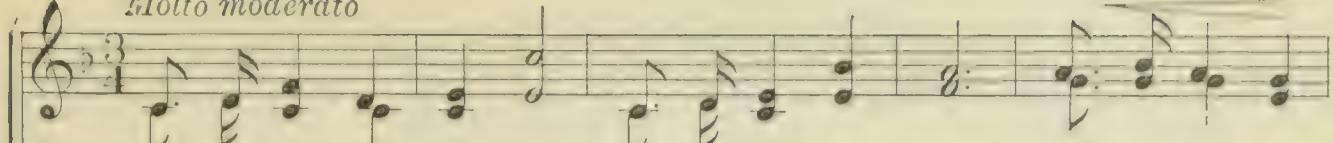
Low to our hearts Love sang an old sweet song; And in the dusk where
Still we can hear it at the close of day; So till the end when



rit.

fell the fire-light gleam, Sof - tly it wove it - self in - to our dream.
life's dim shad-ows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all.



Molto moderato

Just a song at twi - light, when the lights are low, And the flick -'ring



mf *dim.*

shad - ows sof - tly come and go, Tho' the heart be wea - ry,

cres. *f*

sad the day and long, Still to us at twi - light,

rit. *p*

comes Love's old song, Comes Love's old sweet song.

A Castle in the Air

(Manual, p. 218)

Adelaide Ann Proctor

Edward B. Birge
Composed for this Series

The musical score consists of four staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The time signature is common time (indicated by '4'). The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes.

Staff 1:

I built my-self a cas - tle, So no - ble, grand, and fair; I

Staff 2:

built my-self a cas - tle, A cas - tle in the air. I

Staff 3:

looked at all the cas - tles That rise to grace the land, But

Staff 4:

nev - er saw an - oth - er So state-ly or so grand. And

now you see it shat - tered, My cas - tle in the air; It
lies, a dream-y ru - in, All des - o - late and bare, All des - o - late and bare.

I Remember

(Manual, p. 219)

Thomas Hood

Peter Christian Lutkin
Composed for this Series

1. I re - mem - ber, I re - mem - ber The house where I was born; The
2. I re - mem - ber, I re - mem - ber Where I was used to swing, And
3. I re - mem - ber, I re - mem - ber The fir trees, dark and high; I

lit - tle win - dow where the sun Came creep - ing in at morn.
thought the air must rush as fresh To swal - lows on the wing.
used to think their slien - der tops Were close a - gainst the sky.

Peace to the Brave

J. N. Eagleson

Andante

1. Peace to the brave who nobly fell 'Neath our flag, their
 2. Hal - lowed for-ev - er be the graves Where our mar - tyrs
 3. No - bly they died in free - dom's name, Died our coun - try's

mf * *cres.*

hope dream - and less pride! They Ca - fought like he weep - roes thy
 flag to sleep! Ca - na - da, For - ev - er weep sa - cred

dim.

long fall and well, Then like he - roes, died.
 be en braves, But tri - umphant weep!
 fame, Green their hon - ored grave!

Old Folks at Home

Stephen C. Foster

(Manual, p. 217)

Stephen C. Foster

Andante espressivo

1. 'Way down up - on de Swa - nee Rib - ber, Far, far a - way,
 2. All round de lit - tle farm I wander'd, When I was young,
 3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I love,

Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing eb - ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
 Den ma - ny hap - py days I squander'd, Ma - ny de songs I sung.
 Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter wha I rove.

*Small notes for the word "Canada"

All up and down de whole cre - a - tion,
When I was play - ing wid my brud - der,
When will I see de bees a - hum-ming

Sad - ly I roam,
Hap - py was I;
All round de comb?

Still long-ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
Oh! take me to my kind old mud-der, Dere let me live and die.
When will I hear de ban - jo tum-ming Down in my good old home?

CHORUS

All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - 'ry - where I roam;

Oh! dar-kies, how my heart grows wear-y, Far from de old folks at home.

End of Day

(Manual, p. 220)

Ethel B. Howard

H. J. Dryer

Adagio

m̄f

1. Twi - light fades;
2. Eve - ning star,
3. Si - lent town;

Vel - vet shades
Bright a - far,
God looks down;

Twi - light fades;
Eve - ning star,
Si - lent town;

Vel - vet
Bright a -
God looks

Sof - tly veil the hills and glades.
Guides our feet where home lights are.
Rest He gives, day's work to crown.

shades
far,
down;

Sof - tly veil hills and glades.
Guides us where home lights are.
Rest He gives, work to crown.

Stars of the Summer Night

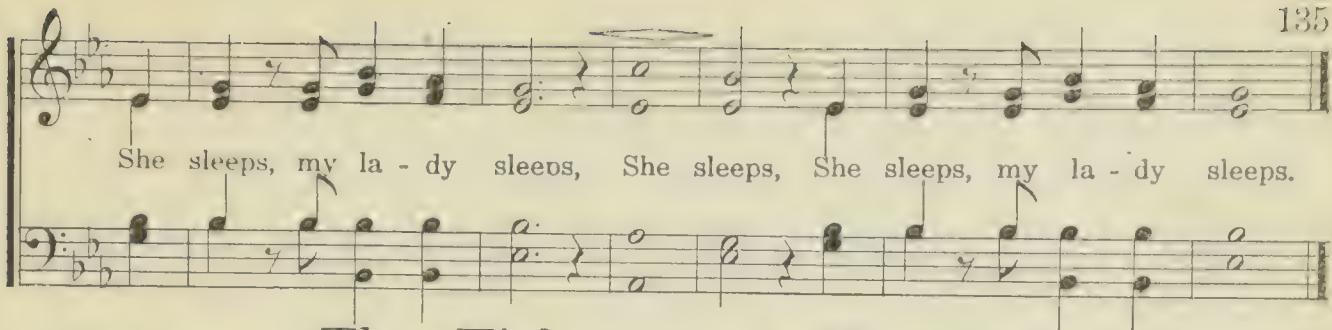
(Manual, p. 220)

Henry W. Longfellow

I. B. Woodbury

1. Stars of the sum-mer night, Far in yon az - ure deep, Hide, hide your gol-den light,
2. Moon of the sum-mer night, Far down yon western steeps, Sink, sink in sil-ver light,
3. Dreams of the sum-mer night, Tell her, her lov-er keeps Watch, while, in slumber light,

A musical score for 'Summer Night' by James C.收起



Louise M. Bray
From the Swedish
Poco Allegretto

The Fisherman's Prayer

(Manual, p. 222)

A. M. Myrberg



1. Si - lence o - ver all, while the moon her course is keep - ing,
2. Si - lence on the deep, where the fish - er's boat is ly - ing;



Shi - ning bright and clear out of the mid - night sky;
Wave - lets lap her keel, ligh - tly they sink to rest.



Moth - er Earth be - low, 'neath the heav'n - ly blue is sleep - ing;
Sit - ting calm - ly there, gaz - ing in - to space and sigh - ing,



Count - less stars are peep - ing from their home on high.
Swee - tly sings the boat - man, lulled on o - cean's breast.
Hear _____ my prayer!



Hear, ho - ly Father, my prayer! Ho - ly Fa - ther, hear my prayer!



Fa - ther of fish - er folk, keep me 'neath Thy shelt - 'ring care.

The Forest Concert

(Manual, p. 221)

Alice C. D. Riley

Franz Abt

1. Oh, Mis - tress Spring a con - cert gives, Throws wide the for - est
 2. The Gold - finch and the Whip - poor - will, The Star - ling and the

hall. Po - lite - ly she in - vites her guests And welcomes one and
 Thrush Pour forth their hearts in ser - e-nades Up - on the eve - ning

all. Then Mis - tress Lark a so - lo sings And trills a - way in
 hush. And af - ter dark the Nigh - tin-gale Doth sing so sweet a

G, While Mis - ter Cuck - oo from the bush doth ech - o ar - den -
 tune That all the world drinks mel - o - dy, The mel - o - dy of

In G,
Of June, so ar - den - tly.
the song of June.

Musical score for 'The Song of June' in G major. The score consists of two staves of music with lyrics underneath. The first staff starts with a dynamic 'p'. The second staff begins with 'June; That all the world drinks mel - o - dy, The mel - o - dy of June.'

Dream and Snowflake

(Manual, p. 224)

William S. Lord

Maurice Moszkowski
Composed for this Series

Molto tranquillo

Musical score for 'Dream and Snowflake' in 2/4 time. The score features three staves of music with lyrics. The first staff includes a dynamic 'p'. The lyrics are:

1. Dear lit - tle boy, my lit - tle boy, So sleep - y, So sleep - y!
2. Dear lit - tle boy, my lit - tle boy, So sleep - y, So sleep - y!
3. Dear lit - tle boy, my lit - tle boy, So sleep - y, So sleep - y!

The second staff continues with lyrics:

See the soft de - scen - ding snow Glanc - ing, danc - ing to and fro,
Close thine eyes; Dost thou not see Vis - ions fair as fair can be?
Dreams and snowflakes downward fly; Soon, too soon, they bid good - by,

The third staff concludes with lyrics:

Just to pleas - ure thee, I know, Dear lit - tle boy,
They are dreams come down to thee, Dear lit - tle boy,
Kiss the earth and mount the sky, Dear lit - tle boy,
my lit - tle boy, So sleep - y, so sleep - y!
my lit - tle boy, So sleep - y, so sleep - y!

Accompaniment markings include '1 & 2', '3', and 'pp'.

Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes

(Manual, p. 226)

Ben Jonson

Old English Air

mf Rather slowly

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, with lyrics integrated into the vocal line. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The first staff begins with a treble clef, the second with a bass clef, the third with a treble clef, and the fourth with a bass clef.

Lyrics:

- 1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine,
- 2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon - 'ring thee,
- Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine; The
As giv - ing it a hope that there It could not with-ered be; But
- rit.
thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth ask a drink di - vine,
thou there-on didst on - ly breathe And send'st it back to me;
- rit.
But might I of Jove's nec - tar sup I would not change for thine.
Since when it grows and smells I swear, Not of it-self but thee.

Auld Lang Syne

(Manual, p. 227)

Robert Burns

mf

Scotch Air



1. Should auld acquaintance be for - got, And nev - er bro't to mind? Should
2. And here's a hand my trus - ty frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll



auld acquaintance be for - got, And days of auld lang syne?
tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.



REFRAIN



For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll



tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet For auld lang syne.



The Holly

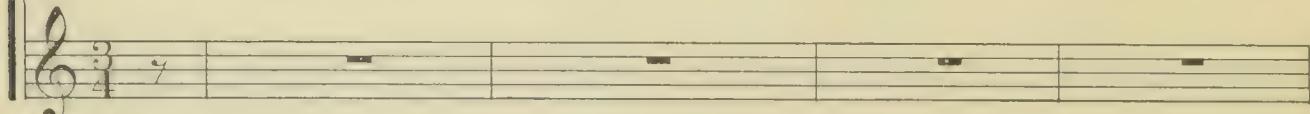
(Manual, p. 228)

Clinton Scollard

W. Otto Miessner

mf

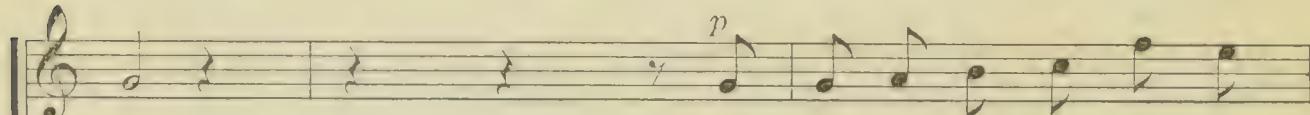
The hol - ly is for hap - pi - ness, Hang it high, hang it high! When the



ho - ly morn we bless — Shows its rose a - long the



When the hol - ly morn we bless Shows its rose a - long the



sky. The hol - ly is for heart-some



sky. The hol - ly is for heart-some cheer,



cheer, —

While the glo - ry of the year, —



While the glo - ry of the year

Lights the heights of all the

Hang it high, hang it high! The hol - ly is for home- side
 sky. — Hang it high, hang it high!

mirth, Hang it high, hang it high! Till the dear - est
 Till the dear - est

day of earth Fades in shades a - long the sky. —
 day of earth Fades in shades a - long the sky. —

The Huntsmen THREE-PART ROUND

(Manual, p. 227)

Old English Round

I A southerly wind and a cloudy sky Proclaim it a hun - ting morning;

II To horse my brave boys and a - way; Bright Phoebus the hill is a - dorn-ing.

III Hark! hark! for-ward! Tan-ta - ra, tan-ta - ra, tan - ta - ra!

The Evening Bells

(Manual, p. 230)

M. Louise Baum

Franz Abt

1. The eve - ning bells are call - ing To still the toil of day, And
 2. The stars be - gin to wan - der A - cross the az - ure heights; From
 3. Se - rene the moon comes soar - ing A - bove the si - lent wold; A -

sof - tlier yet is fall - ing The sun-set's mel - low ray. On
 shi - ning deeps up yon - der They draw their faith - ful lights. They
 cross the dark-ness pour - ing Her ra - diant troy - al gold. So

On wings of
They say our
So o'er our

wings of peace the dark draws nigh, To hide our earth from
 say our Fa - ther reigns a - bove And calls our hearts to
 o'er our dark - est hour shall rise Pure peace and sol - ace

peace Fa - the
dark - ther
dark - est

Heav-en's eye; Yet safe in God's own sight Shall rest the bles - sed
Him in love; His ten - der care shall keep His chil - dren while they
from the skies; For oh, with God's own light Shall shine the bles - sed

rests in
keeps us
shines the

night; _____ The bles - sed night in God's own sight.
sleep; _____ His ten - der care keeps while we sleep.
night; _____ With God's own light the bles - sed night.

Lovely Night

Mary Stanhope

(Manual, p. 231)

Ludwig van Beethoven

1. Love - ly night, love - ly night! With the la - dy moon for
2. Love - ly night, love - ly night! How the moonlight mu - sic

queen! O - ver field and wood she smil - eth And the lake to song be -
flows! Shining harps with sil - ver thrill - ing, El - fin flutes ec - sta - tic

guil - eth With her sil - ver light se - rene. Love - ly night, love - ly night!
trill - ing Lull the heart to sweet re - pose. Love - ly night, love - ly night!

Harvest Slumber Song

(Manual, p. 232)

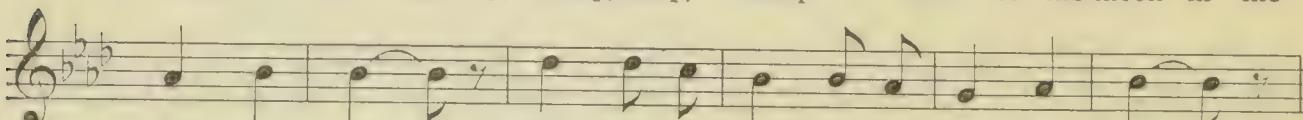
William Wilfred Campbell

E. Humperdinck
Composed for this Series

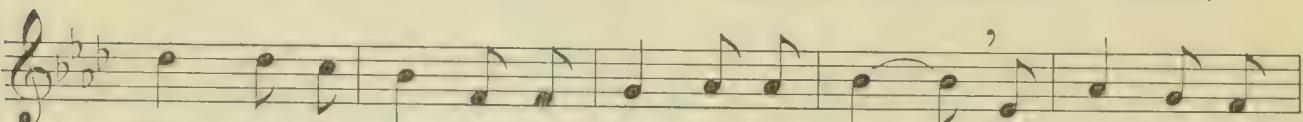
Andantino



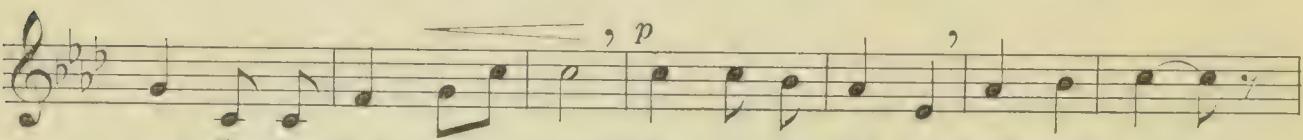
1. Sleep, lit - tle Ba - by, sleep,sleep, sleep. Red is the moon in the
2. Soft in the lap of Moth - er Night Wee ba - by stars, all a-
3. Sleep, lit - tle Ba - by, sleep,sleep, sleep. Red is the moon in the



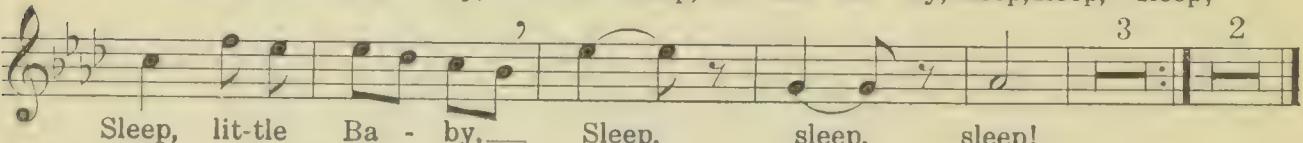
night's still deep; White are the stars with their sil - ver wings
glow and bright, Flut - ter their sil - ver - y wings and crow
night's still deep; Wee ba - by stars all are hushed and kissed,



Fol - ded in dreamings of beau - ti - ful things; And o - ver their
Gen - tly to breez - es that kiss as they blow, A - round air - y
Fol - ded in cra - dles of lu - mi-nous mist; If ev - er they



cra - dle the night wind sings; Sleep, lit - tle Ba - by, sleep,sleep, sleep;
cra - dles that swing so low; Sleep, lit - tle Ba - by, sleep,sleep, sleep;
wa - ken the winds cry, "Whist!" Sleep, lit - tle Ba - by, sleep,sleep, sleep;



Sleep, lit - tle Ba - by, Sleep, sleep, sleep!

It Was A Lover and His Lass

William Shakespeare
Allegretto

(Manual, p. 234)

Adapted from Thomas Morley



1. It was a lov - er and his lass,
2. This car - ol they be - gan that hour, With a hey and a ho, And a
3. And there - fore take the pres - ent time,



hey, and a hey non - ny no, And a hey, and a hey non - ny non - ny



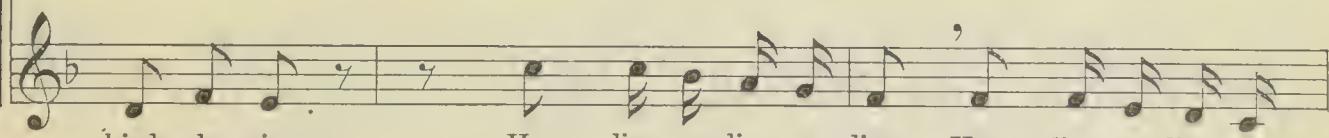
That o'er the green corn - field did pass,
no, How that a life was but a flow'r, In spring - time, In
For love is crown - ed with the prime,



spring - time, In spring - time, The on - ly pret - ty ring time, When

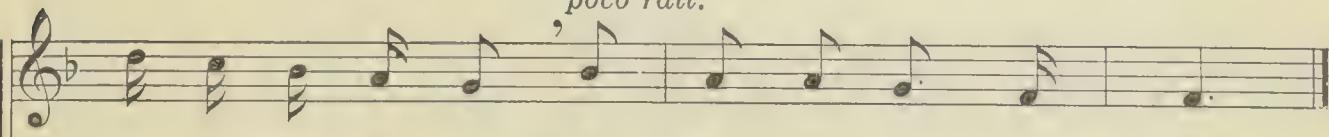


birds do sing, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey

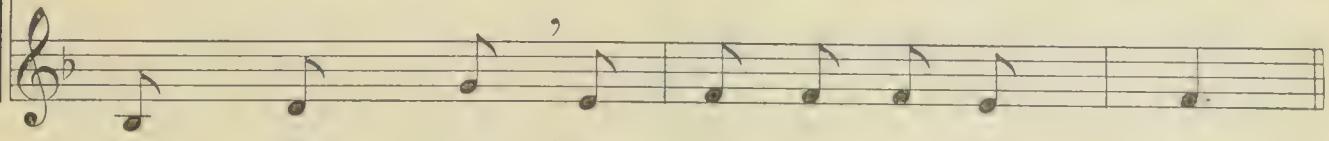


birds do sing, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a

poco rall.



ding a ding a ding, Sweet lov - ers love the spring.



ding ding ding, Sweet lov - ers love the spring.

Fair is the Summer

Abbie Farwell Brown

(Manual, p. 234)

Minnelied

1. There grew three ro-ses on a tree; Fair is the summer! The
 2. Though long the win-ter - time may be, Fair is the summer! When

nigh - tin - gale sang loud and free; Fair is the sum - mer!
 sings the heart in you and me, Fair is the sum - mer!

The Empire is Our Country

C. J. Atkinson
Tempo di Marcia

F. W. Chisholm

1. God save our Coun-try; keep her great In jus - tice, hon - or, truth; May
 2. That Moth-er Isle whence Free-dom's rays Are sent to light the world Finds

Free-dom's star in ev - 'ry state Be bright as the hope of youth, Hear
 strength not known in oth - er days In daugh - ter flags un - furled, And

chil - dren of the Ma - ple Leaf, Whose voice would reach the dome, The
 faith, not fear, not law, but love For - bids us now to roam, The

Em - pire is our Coun - try And Ca - na - da our home.
 Em - pire is our Coun - try And Ca - na - da our home.

CHORUS

mf

God bless our Em - pire With heart and voice we sing
 Andante religioso
mp
 God bless Ca - na - da; God save our King.

The Snowflakes

Wilbur Weeks

(Manual, p. 241)

Neapolitan Song

Allegretto

When o'er the fields the snowflakes Are fall - ing, are fall - ing, I
 watch them slow - ly drift - ting, The dis - tant lands re - call - ing; Where
 nev - er miss the spring - time Or mer - ry birds a - call - ing. The
 spic - y breez - es stray - ing Thro' orchards flow - er - la - den, A -
 si - lent snowflakes blow - ing Re - call the dis - tant coun - tries, Where

mong the bran - ches play - ing, Bring down the flow - er snow. When
 snow. When o'er the fields the snow - flakes Are fall - ing, are
 fall - ing, My fancies are re - call - ing The land of blossom snow.

Plowing Song

(Manual, p. 238)

Joe Cone

George W. Chadwick
*Composed for this Series**Brightly*

1. Up in the morn - ing at break of day,
2. Stuck in the fur - row its shi - ning blade, 'The



Rub - bing the hors - es and toss - ing the hay; Swing-ing the doors of the plow— is left when the halt— is made. 'The hors - es tug at the



cat - tle stalls,— An-sw'ring the low— and plain - tive calls. A
well - gripp'd rein, — Strain-ing for stall and for fod-der a - gain. A



friend - ly welt on old "Black" and "Spot," Turn - ing them loose in the wel - come home and the din - ner o'er; 'A sto - ry told at the



pas - ture lot,— Head - ing them out - ward to laze and graze,—
old back door; 'An - oth - er tug at the clank - ing chains; 'The

2



These are the hur - ry - ing plow - man's days.
turf— grows small and the fur - row gains.

Then it's
Then it's



rip, rip, rip, Through the tangled sod and soil; And its drip, drip, drip, From the
rip, rip, rip, Through the tangled sod and soil; And its drip, drip, drip, From the

strain-ing span a - toil. But the plow goes for - ward steady Since the
har - dy son of toil. But the plow goes for - ward steady Till the

glow of ear - ly morn, And the cheer - y plow - man's
sun sinks in the west, And the wea - ry plow - man's

ready For the wel - come din - ner horn.
ready For the fire - side and for rest.

Past Three O'clock

(Manual, p. 242)

James Fortescue
Andante

English Folk Song

Past three o' - clock, and a cold, frosty morning: Past three o' - clock, good

1. While in your beds you're peace - ful - ly sleep - ing,
morrow, masters all. 2. We go the round, you rest at your lei - sure;
3. When morning breaks, and slum - ber is end - ed,

Under the stars our watch we are keeping. Past three o' - clock, and a
Safe is your house and safe is your treasure. Past three o' - clock, and a
Give us your thanks, your homes who've de - fend - ed. Past three o' - clock, and a
cold, fros - ty morn - ing: Past three o' - clock, good morrow masters all:

Tramping Song

(Manual, p. 243)

Abbie Farwell Brown

E. Kreutzer

Briskly

1. Hark the mu - sic of our feet! Hear the tramp, tramp, tram - ping
 2. Hap - py wan - der-ers we go, With a tramp, tramp, tram - ping

ech - o! With a hail to all we meet, And a
 meas - ure, While the scen - ted breez - es blow, And the

smile to cheer them on their way. Mer - ry com - rades, knee to knee,
 grass is gen - tle to our feet. Shad - ows cool in - vite our stay;

Tram - ping o - ver hill and hol - low. For - ward ev - er,
 Laugh - ing wa - ters bid us dal - ly. For - ward, com - rades,

gay and free, Down the way we love to fol - low!
on our way, Up the hill and down the val - ley!

Tramping, Tramping, With a shout of glee!
Tramping, Tramping, With a gay good day!

Tramping, Tramping,

Russian Harvest Hymn.

(Manual, p. 248)

From the Russian

Russian Folk Song

p Andante

1. Fields are rich with gol-den grain; Har - vest time has come a - gain.
2. Har - vest now is__ peas-ant's hope; Long with na - ture he must cope,

All our la - bors of the past Are with plen - ty crown'd at last.
Ere his work with fruit is crown'd, Wres-tered from the grudg - ing ground.

Praise to__ God for__ His great dow'r; Praise His__ mer - cy, praise His__ pow'r.
poco rit

Sing to__ Him a__ thank-ful song; Sing it glad-ly, loud, and strong.

The Sea King's Bride

(Manual, p. 244)

Arthur Matthison

Henry Leslie

Allegretto

mf

1. From your cor - al cham - bers speed ye,
2. From the lakes and leaf - y cov - erts,
3. Lo! she comes, the beau - teous maid - en,

Gold - haired daughters
Where ye nymphs and
Brigh - tly beam her

mf

of the sea; Bear your wealth of pearl and am - ber,
dry - ads dwell, Cull the fresh wild flow'r's of Na - ture,
'az - ure eyes; Gleams like gold her soft hair flow - ing,

Bring the gift and bend the knee! Come ye o'er the
Leaf and bud from dale and dell. From the haunts where -
Love's sweet blush her young cheek dyes. Sea maids, wood nymphs,

sil - v'ry tide, Hom - age pay the Sea King's Bride;
in ye hide, Come, sa - lute the Sea King's Bride;
blend your songs, To your race the bride be - longs;

crescen-do

Come ye o'er the sil-v'ry tide,
From the haunts where-in ye hide,
Loved and lov-ing, O-cean's pride,
crescen-do

Hom-age pay the Sea King's Bride.
Come, sa-lute the Sea King's Bride.
Is the fair young Sea King's Bride.

The Song of Robin Hood and His Huntsmen

(Manual, p. 246)

Old English Ballad

Reginald de Koven
Composed for this Series

Allegro con spirito

1. Now wend we to - geth - er, my mer - ry men all, Un -
2. What life is there like to Rob - in Hood's bold? It
3. We will not a - way from mer - ry Sher - wood, In

to the for - est side a; And there to strike a buck or doe Our
is a pleas - ant thing a; In Sher-wood blithe he spends his days, As
no place else to dwell a; For there is neith - er ci - ty nor town That

cun - ning shall be tried a!
pleas - ant as a king a!
likes us half so well a!

Then go we mer-ri - ly,

mer - ri - ly on To the greenwood to take our stand a, Where

cresc.

ten., f

we will lie in wait for our game, With our best bows all in our hand a!

Faithful Friends

(Manual, p. 253)

Margaret Aliona Dole

Joseph Gersbach

1. Faith-ful friends are life's best treasure; Wealth and fame may pass a -
 2. Life is full of stern de - ni - als; Oft we miss the joys we

way, Bring no joy or las - ting pleasure; Faith-ful friends a - bide al -
 crave. Faith - ful friends are near in tri - als; Their sup - port will make us

way. Thro' the world I glad - ly go If one faithful heart I know.
 brave. Thro' the world I glad - ly go If one faithful heart I know.

A Trumpet Call of Spring

(Manual, p. 249)

May Morgan

W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series

Allegro

A - wake! A - wake! A - wake! A -

A - wake! A - wake! A -

The slumber of winter must break. The

wake! A - rise! A -

wake! A - rise! O

slumber of winter must break. A - rise! A -

rise! A - rise! O

crocus, and o-pen your eyes! A - rise! O

rise! A - rise! O

f cro - cus, And o - pen your eyes!

cro - cus, And o - pen your eyes!

crocus, and o-pen your eyes, And o - pen your eyes!

My Old Kentucky Home

(Manual, p. 250)

Stephen C. Foster
Rather slow

Stephen C. Foster

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuc - ky home, 'Tis
 2. They hunt no more for the pos - sum and the coon, On the
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher -

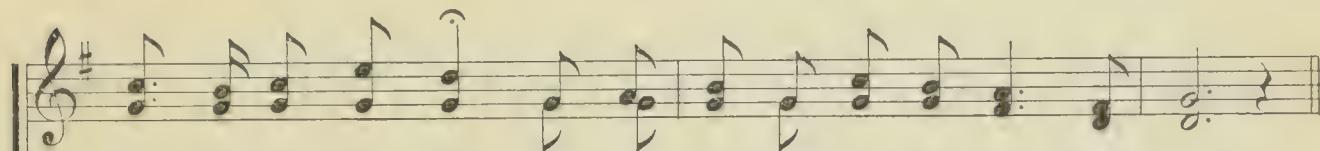
sum - mer, the dar - kies are gay; The corn - top's ripe and the
 mead - owd, the hill, and the shore; They sing no more by the
 ev - er the dar - ky may go; A few more days, and the

mead - owd's in the bloom, While the birds make mu - sic all the
 glim - mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab - in
 trou - ble all will end, In the field where the sug - ar - canes

day. The young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor, All
 door. The day goes by like a shad - ow o'er the heart, With
 grow. A few more days for to tote the wea - ry load, No



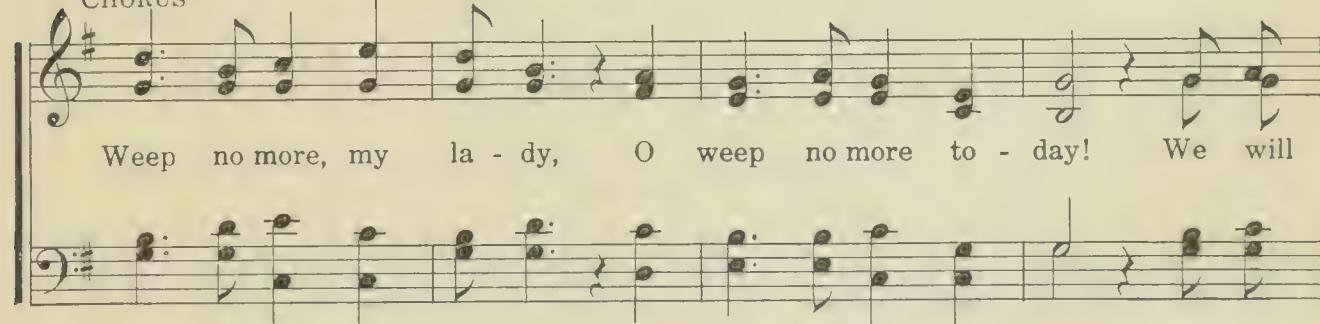
mer - ry, all hap - py and bright; By'n by hard times comes a -
sor - row where all was de - light; The time has come when the
mat - ter, 'twill nev - er be light; A few more days till we



knock - ing at the door, Then my old Ken - tuc - ky home, good night!
dar - kies have to part, Then my old Ken - tuc - ky home, good night!
tot - ter on the road, Then my old Ken - tuc - ky home, good night!



CHORUS



Weep no more, my la - dy, O weep no more to - day! We will



sing one song for the old Kentucky home, For the old Kentucky home, far a - way.



In a Canoe

(Manual, p. 252)

Richard Kirk, Ad.

With simple tenderness

Marshall Bartholomew

mf

1. Are you think-ing, lit - tle moon, lit - tle moon? _____ Are you
 2. Are you cry - ing, lit - tle moon, lit - tle moon? _____ Are you
 3. Are you dream-ing, lit - tle moon, lit - tle moon? _____ Are you

think - ing? _____ Up there where the stars are wink-ing and a -
 cry - ing? _____ Seems to me I hear you cry - ing and a -
 dream - ing? _____ Up there in the heav - ens gleam-ing, are you

poco accel

blink-ing? _____ Are you lonesome way up yon - der? Are you
 sigh - ing. _____ Is this dew - drop on my fin - ger Just a
 dream-ing? _____ Do you hear the wa - ter fall - ing, Do you

poco più lento

scared of rain and thun - der, Lit - tle moon, _____ lit - tle moon? _____
 tear that would not lin - ger, Lit - tle moon, _____ lit - tle moon? _____
 hear bob - white a - call - ing, Lit - tle moon, _____ lit - tle moon? _____

pp

The Aspen Tree

Theodosia Garrison

(Manual, p. 254)

Peter Christian Lutkin
Composed for this Series

mf

The lit - tle as - pen tree stands high Up -

mf

The lit - tle as - pen tree stands high Up -

mf

The as - pen tree stands high Up -

on the hill that guards the lane; Her leaves are green as

on the hill that guards the lane; Her leaves are green as

on the hill that guards the lane; Her leaves are

em - er - alds, Her prat - tle is like danc - ing rain. She

em - er - alds, Her prat - tle is like danc - ing rain. She

green as em - er - alds, Her prat - tle is like rain. She

gos - sips to the wind, the sky, And we are comrades, she and I.

gos - sips to the wind, the sky, And we are comrades, she and I.

gos - sips to the sky, And we are comrades, she and I.

Sweet Kitty Clover

(Manual, p. 256)

Knight

Moderato
mf

Edmund Kean

1. Sweet Kit - ty Clo - ver, she both - ers me so, _____ Oh, _____
 2. Sweet Kit - ty in per - son is rath - er low, _____ Oh, _____
 3. If Kit - ty to kirk with me would go, _____ Oh, _____

Oh, _____ Sweet Kit - ty Clo - ver, she both - ers me so, _____
 Oh, _____ , Sweet Kit - ty in per - son is rath - er low, _____
 Oh, _____ , If Kit - ty to kirk with me would go, _____

Oh, _____ Oh, Oh! _____ Her face _____ is round _____ and
 Oh, _____ Oh, Oh! _____ She's three _____ feet tall, _____ and
 Oh, _____ Oh, Oh! _____ I think I should nev - er be

red _____ and fat, Like pul - - pit cush - ion, or
 that _____ I prize As just a fit height for a
 wretch - ed a - gain If, af - ter the par - son, she'd
 rit.

red - der than that; Oh, sweet Kit - ty Clo - ver, she both - ers me so, _____
 man of my size. Oh, sweet Kit - ty Clo - ver, you both - er me so, _____
 say, _____ "A - men." Then Kit - ty would ne'er a - gain both - er me so, _____

Oh, _____ Oh, _____ Sweet Kit - ty Clo - ver, she
 Oh, _____ Oh, _____ Sweet Kit - ty Clo - ver, you
 Oh, _____ Oh, _____ ? Then Kit - ty would ne'er a - gain

both - ers me so, _____ Oh, _____ Oh, Oh! _____
 both - er me so, _____ Oh, _____ Oh, Oh! _____
 both - er me so, _____ Oh, _____ Oh, Oh! _____

The Husking

(Manual, p. 255)

John Greenleaf Whittier

Edward B. Birge
Composed for this Series

1. On E - sek Har - den's oak - en floor, With ma - ny an au - tumn
2. They took their plac - es; some by chance, And oth - ers by a



thresh - ing worn, Lay heaped the ears of un - husked corn. And
mer - ry voice Or sweet smile gui - ded to their choice. How



thith - er came young men and maids, Be - neath a moon that,
pleas - an - tly the ris - ing moon, Be - tween the shad - ows



a - go.
elm boughs!

large and low, Lit that on sweet eve of long a - go.
of the mows, Looked on them through the great elm boughs!



In Our Boat

(Manual, p. 258)

Dinah Mulock Craik
ModeratoMaurice Moszkowski
Composed for this Series

p

1. Stars trembling o'er us and sun - set be - fore us; Moun-tains in
 2. As bil - lows cov - er the depths we glide o - ver, So let the
 3. Heav'n shine a - bove us and bless all that love us; All whom we

p

shad - ow and for - ests a - sleep; Down the dim riv - er we
 past in for - get - ful-ness sleep; While down the riv - er we
 love in thy ten - der-ness keep! While down the riv - er we

mf

and for - ests a - sleep;
 for - get - ful - ness sleep;
 thy ten - der - ness keep!

mf

float on for - ev - er; Speak not, ah, breathe not, there's peace on the deep;

p

dim.

1 & 2

3

Speak not, ah, breathe not, there's peace on the deep.

dim.

How Can I Leave Thee

(Manual, p. 261)

Andante con moto

Folk Song



1. How can I leave thee?
2. Blue is a flow - 'ret
3. Would I a bird were!

How can I from thee part?
Called Soon at "For thy side to be,
at thy side to be,



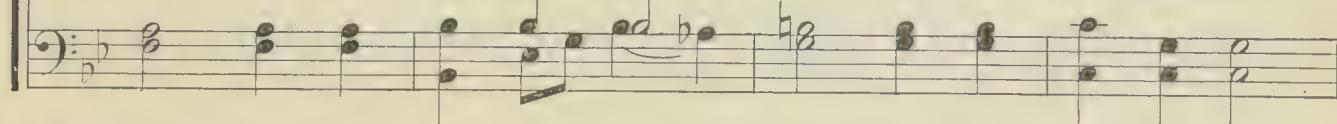
Thou on - ly hast my heart;
Wear it up - on thy heart,
Fal - con nor hawk would fear,

Dear one, be - lieve.
And think of me!
Speed - ing to thee.



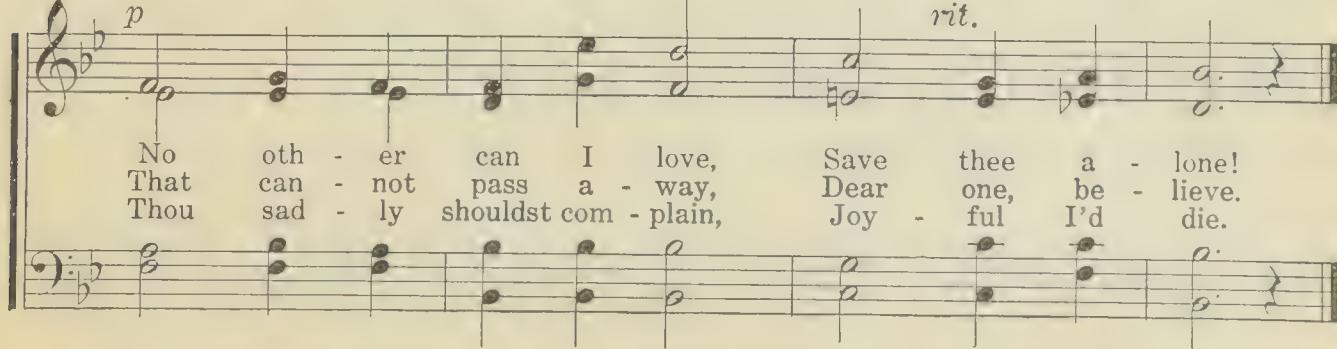
Thou hast this soul of mine,
Flow - 'ret and hope may die,
When by the fowl - er slain,

So close - ly bound to thine,
Yet love with us shall stay;
I at thy feet should lie,



No oth - er can I love,
That can - not pass a - way,
Thou sad - ly shouldst com - plain,

Save Dear thee a - lone!
Dear one, be - lieve.
Joy ful I'd die.



The Minstrel Boy

(Manual, p. 260)

Thomas Moore

Irish Folk Song

1. The min - strel boy to the war has gone, In the ranks of death you'll
 2. The min - strel fell! but the foe-man's chain Could not break his proud soul

find him; His fa - ther's sword he has gir - ded on And his
 un - der. The harp he loved ne'er — spoke a - gain For he

wild harp slung be - hind him. "Land of song," sang the
 tore its chords a - sun - der, And said, "No chains shall

war - rior bard, 'Tho' all the world be - trays thee, One sword, at least, thy
 sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav - 'ry! Thy songs were made for the

rights shall guard; One _____
pure and free; They shall nev - er
faith - ful heart _____ shall _____ praise _____ thee."
sound _____ in _____ slav - - 'ry."

He Shall Feed His Flock

(Manual, p. 262)

From *The Messiah*

George Frederick Handel

He _____ shall feed His flock like a shep - - herd, and
He _____ shall _____ gath - er the lambs _____ with _____ His arm,
with _____ His arm; _____ and car - - ry _____ them _____
in His bos - - om, and gen - tly lead _____ those _____ that _____
are _____ with young; _____ and gen - - tly lead, _____ and
gen - - tly lead _____ those that are _____ with young. _____

Home, Sweet Home

(Manual, p. 263)

John Howard Payne

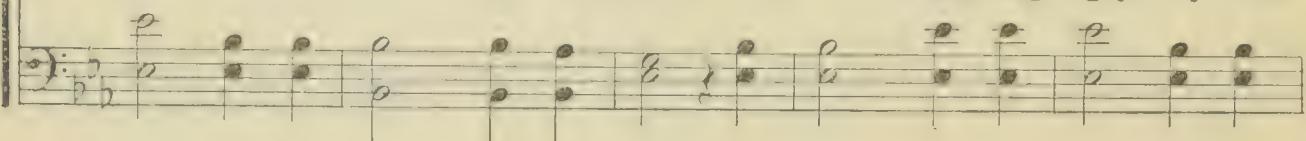
Henry R. Bishop



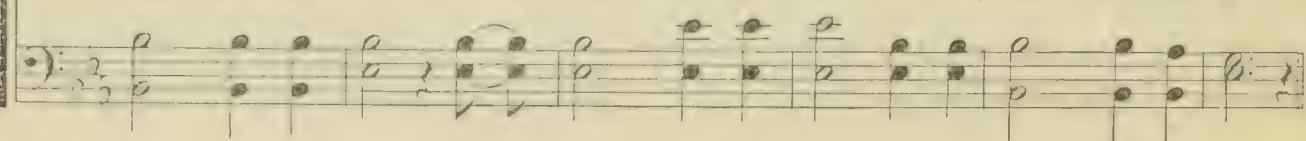
1. 'Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
 2. An ex - ile from home, splen-dor daz - zles in vain; Oh, give me my



hum - ble, there's no place like home! A charm from the skies seems to
 low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain! The birds sing-ing gay - ly that



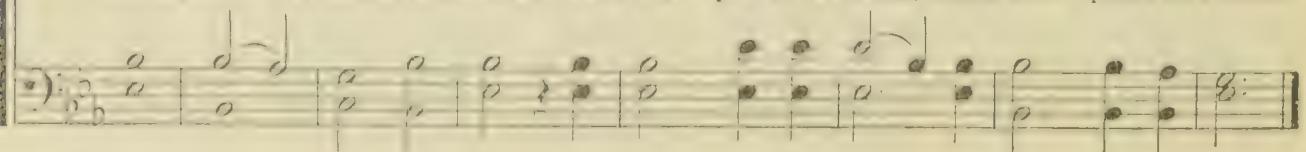
hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where.
 come at my call; Give me them with the peace of mind, dear - er than all.



CHORUS



Home! home! sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home, there's no place like home.



Lead, Kindly Light

167

(Manual, p. 266)

John Henry Newman

John B. Dykes

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en-circ - ling gloom, Lead Thou me
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Should'st lead me
 3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me

on! The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me
 on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me
 on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is

on! Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see
 on! I loved the gar - ish day; and, spite of fears,
 gone; And with the morn - those an - gel fac - es smile,

The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not past years.
 Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while.

Send Out Thy Light

(Manual, p. 264)

Charles Gounod (Abr.)

Adagio molto

Moderato

pp

Send out Thy light, Send out Thy light! Send out Thy light and Thy

cres.

truth, let them lead me, O, let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill;

dim.

p

cres.

Send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them lead me, O, let them

dim.

O let them lead me,

bring me to Thy ho - ly hill, un - to Thy ho - ly hill, let them

O let them lead me,

O let them lead me; *cres.* *f* *dim.* *p*

lead, let them lead me; O, let them bring me to Thy ho - ly

O let them lead me;

p1 *cres.* *f* *f*

hill. Lord, we will praise Thee, Lord, we will praise Thee, praise Thee,
(Omit 2nd time)

praise Thee on the harp, O our God! on the harp, O our

ff

God! on the harp, O our God! Send out Thy light, O Lord our God!

2 *pp adagio*

ff

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

(Manual, p. 267)

Charles Wesley

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

1 Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King;
 2. Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die,

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled.
 Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth.

Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;
 Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings, Light and life to all He brings;

With th'an - gel - ic host pro - claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem.
 Hail, the Sun of Right-eous - ness! Hail, the heav'n - born Prince of Peace!

Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new - born King!
 Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new - born King!

Come, my Soul, Thou Must be Waking

F. R. L. Canitz

(Manual, p. 270)

Franz Joseph Haydn

1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing, Now is break-ing O'er the
 2. Pray that He may pros - per ev - er Each en - deav - or, When thine
 3. Think that He thy ways be - hold - eth; He un - fold - eth Ev - 'ry
 4. On - ly God's free gifts a buse not, Light re - fuse not, But His

earth an - oth - er day; Come to Him who made this
 aim is good and true; But that He may ev - er
 fault that lurks with - in; He the hid - den shame glossed
 Spir - it's voice o - bey; Thou with Him shalt dwell, be

splen - dor, See thou ren - der All thy fee - ble strength can - pay.
 thwart thee, And con - vert thee, When thou ev - il would'st pur - sue.
 o - ver Can dis - cov - er, And dis - cern each deed of sin.
 hold - ing Lighten - fold - ing All things in un - cloud ed day.

Now the Day is Over

S. Baring-Gould

(Manual, p. 268)

Joseph Barnby

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh;
 2. Fa - ther, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
 3. Through the long night watch - es May Thine an - gels spread
 4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise.

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
 Their white wings a - bove me, Watch-ing round my bed.
 Pure and fresh and sin - less, In Thy ho - ly eyes.

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
 Their white wings a - bove me, Watch-ing round my bed.
 Pure and fresh and sin - less, In Thy ho - ly eyes.

How Gentle God's Commands

Philip Doddridge

(Manual, p. 273)

H. G. Nägeli

1. How gen - tle God's com-mands! How kind His pre - cepts are! Come,
 2. Be -neath His watch -ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell; That
 3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind? Has
 4. His good - ness stands ap-proved, Un - changed from day to day: I'll

cast your bur - dens on the Lord And trust His con - stant care.
hand which bears cre - a - tion up Shall guard His chil - dren well.
to your heav'n-ly Fa - ther's throne, And sweet re - fresh-ment find.
drop my bur - den at His feet, And bear a song a - way.

Integer Vitae

Arthur Tozer Russell

(Manual, p. 268)

Friedrich Ferdinand Flemming

1. Night's shad-ows fall - ing, men to rest are call - ing; Rest we, pos-
 2. Thou ev - er liv - est; end-less life Thou giv - est; Thou watch art
 3. O Lord of Glo - ry, praise we and a - dore Thee! Thee for us

sess - ing heav'n - ly peace and bless - ing; This we im - plore Thee,
 keep - ing o'er Thy faith-ful, sleep - ing; In Thy clear shi - ning
 giv - en, our true rest from heav - en! Rest, peace, and bless - ing,

fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Great King of glo - ry!
 they are now re - cli - ning, All care re - sign - ing.
 we are now pos - sess - ing, Thy name con - fess - ing.

Now with Creation's Morning Song

(Manual, p. 274)

Aurelius Clemens Prudentius (5th Century)

Ludwig van Beethoven

1. Now with cre - a - tion's morn - ing song Let us, as
 2. Oh, may the morn, so pure, so clear, Its own sweet
 3. And ev - er, as the day glides by, May we the
 4. Grant us, O God, in love to Thee, Clear eyes to

chil - dren of the day, With wak - ened heart and
 calm in us in - still! A guile - less mind, a
 bu - sy sens - es rein; Keep guard up - on the
 meas - ure things be - low; Faith, the in - vis - i -

pur - pose strong, The works of dark - ness cast a - way.
 heart sin - cere, Sim - plic - i - ty of word and will.
 hand and eye, Nor let the con - science suf - fer stain.
 ble to see And wis - dom, Thee in all to know.

Praise to God, Immortal Praise

(Manual, p. 270)

Anna L. Barbauld

Conrad Kocher

1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days:
 2. All the plen - ty sum-mer pours; Au-tumn's rich o'er - flow - ing stores;
 3. Peace, pros - per - i - ty, and health, Pri - vate bliss, and pub - lic wealth,
 4. As thy pros-p'ring hand hath blest, May we give Thee of our best;

Boun-teous source of ev - 'ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy;
 Flocks that whi - ten all the plain; Yel - low sheaves of ri - pened grain:
 Knowl-edge with its glad-d'ning streams, Pure re - lig - ion's ho - lier beams:
 And by deeds of kind - ly love For Thy mer - cies grate - ful prove;

All to Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our bless - ings flow.
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise Grate - ful vows and sol - emn praise.
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise Grate - ful vows and sol - emn praise.
 Sing - ing thus through all our days, Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise.

Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss

(Manual, p. 273)

Anne Steele

Arr. by Lowell Mason

Musical score for "Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss" arranged by Lowell Mason. The score consists of two staves of music in common time, G major. The top staff uses a soprano vocal line, and the bottom staff provides harmonic support with a piano-like accompaniment. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Fa - ther, what-e'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov - 'reign will de - nies,
 2. Give me a calm and thank - ful heart, From ev - 'ry mur-mur free;
 3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My path of life at - tend;

Ac - cep-ted at Thy throne of grace Let this pe - ti - tion rise.
 The blessings of Thy grace im - part, And make me live to Thee.
 Thy presence thro' my jour - ney shine, And crown my jour - ney's end.

God's Care

(Manual, p. 271)

Joseph Addison

G. A. Rossini

Musical score for "God's Care" arranged by G. A. Rossini. The score consists of two staves of music in common time, F major. The top staff uses a soprano vocal line, and the bottom staff provides harmonic support with a piano-like accompaniment. The lyrics are as follows:

1. When all Thy mer-cies, O my God, My _ ris-ing soul sur - veys, _ Trans -
 2. Un - num-bered com-forts to my soul Thy _ ten-der care be-stowed, _ Be -
 3. Ten thou-sand thou-sand pre-cious gifts My _ dai - ly thanks em-ploy, _ Nor

por - ted with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.
fore my in - fant heart con - ceived From whom those com - forts flowed.
is the least a cheer - ful heart, That tastes those gifts with joy.

Come, Thou Almighty King

(Manual, p. 265)

F. de Giardini

1. Come, Thou Al - migh - ty King! Help us Thy name to
 2. Come, Thou All - gra - cious Lord, By heav'n and earth a -
 3. Nev - er from us de - part; Rule Thou in ev - 'ry

sing; Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous,
 dored! Our prayer at - tend! Come, and Thy chil - dren bless;
 heart, Hence ev - er - more. Thy sov' - reign maj - es - ty

O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
 Give Thy good word suc - cess; Make Thine own ho - li - ness On us de - scand.
 May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

Vesper Hymn

(Manual, p. 269)

Thomas Moore

1. Hark! the ves - per hymn is steal-ing O'er the wa - ters soft and clear!
 2. Now like moon - lit waves re - trea - ting To the shore, it dies a - long:

Near - er yet and near - er peal - ing, Now it bursts up - on the ear:
 Now like an - gry surg - es mee - ting Breaks the min - gled tide of song:

Ju - bi - la - te, ju - bi - la - te, ju - bi - la - te, A - men.
 Ju - bi - la - te, ju - bi - la - te, ju - bi - la - te, A - men.

Far - ther still and far - ther peal-ing, Soft it falls up - on the ear.
 Hush! a - gain like waves re-trea - ting To the shore it dies a - long.

National Hymn

(Manual, p. 272)

D. C. Roberts

Horatio Parker

1. God of our fathers whose al - migh - ty hand Leads forth in
 2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the past, In this free
 3. From war's a - larms, from dead - ly pes - ti - lence, Be Thy strong
 4. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil - some way, Lead us from

beau - ty all the star-ry band Of shi - ning worlds in splendor thro' the land by Thee our lot is cast; Be Thou our rul - er, guardian, guide, and arm our ev - er sure de - fence; Thy true re - lig - ion in our hearts in - night to nev - er-end-ing day; Fill all our lives with love and grace di -

skies, Our grate - ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise.
 stay, Thy word our law, Thy paths our chos - en way.
 crease, Thy boun - teous good - ness nour - ish us in peace.
 vine, And glo - ry, laud, and praise be ev - er Thine.

Battle Hymn of the Republic

(Manual, p. 276)

Julia Ward Howe

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
 2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir - cling camps, They have
 3. I have read a fi - ery gos - pel writ in bur-nished rows of steel: "As ye
 4. He has sound - ed forth the trum-pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
 5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a

tram-pling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
 deal with My con - tem - ners, so with you My grace shall deal:" Let the
 sif - ting out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat. Oh, be
 glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me: As He

loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword: His
 read His righteous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps: His
 He - ro born of wom - an crush the ser - pent with His heel, Since
 swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our
 died to make men ho - ly let us die to make men free, While

CHORUS

truth is march - ing on. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
 day is march - ing on. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
 God is march - ing on. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
 God is march - ing on. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
 God is march - ing on. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is marching on.

Dixie

(Manual, p. 278)

Dan Emmett
mf Allegro

Dan Emmett

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Old times dar am
 2. Dars buckwheat cakes an' In - gen bat - ter, Makes you fat, or a

not for - got - ten, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie
 lit - tle fat - ter, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie

Land. In Dix - ie Land whar I was born in, Ear - ly on one
 Land. Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble, To Dix - ie Land I'm

fros - ty morn-in', Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
 bound to trab - ble, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.

CHORUS

Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! In Dix - ie Land, I'll
take my stand To lib and die in Dix - ie; A - way, A - way, A -
way down south in Dix - ie, A - way, A - way, A - way down south in Dix - ie.

My Own Canadian Home

(FOR SOPRANO, ALTO, AND BASS)

E. G. Nelson

Morley McLaughlin
(Harmonized by J. N. Eagleson)

1. Tho' oth - er skies may be as bright, And oth - er lands as fair; Tho'
2. Thy lakes and riv - ers, as "the voice of man - y wa - ters" raise To
3. A no - bler her - i - tage is thine, So grand and fair and free; A
4. Did kind - ly heav'n af - ford to me The choice where I would dwell, Fair

charms of oth - er climes in-vite My wand'-ring foot-steps there. Yet
 him who planned their vast ex-tent My sym - pho-ny of praise; Thy
 fer - tile land, where he who toils Shall well re-war-ded be; And
 Ca - na - da that choice should be, The land I love so well. I

there is one the peer of all, Be - neath bright heav-en's dome: Of
 moun-tain peaks o'er - look the clouds, They pierce the az - ure skies: They
 he who joys in Na-ture's charms, Ex - ult - ing here may view Scenes
 love thy hills and val - leys wide; Thy wa - ters flash and foam. May

1. Of thee I
2. They bid thy
3. Scenes of en-
4. May God in

thee I sing, O hap - py land, My own Ca - na - dian home.
 bid thy sons be strong and true, To great a - chieve-ments rise.
 of en-chant-ment strange- ly fair, Sub - lime in form and hue.
 God in love o'er thee pre - side, My own Ca - na - dian home.

sing,
 sons
 chant - - - ment
 love

Britannia, the Pride of the Ocean

Henry Russell



1. Bri — tan — nia! the pride of the o - cean, The —
 2. When war winged its wide des - o - la - tion, And —
 3. Then a cup of good wine bring hith - er, And —



land of the brave and the free, — The shrine of the sail - or's de -
 threatened the land to de - form, — The ark then of freedom's foun -
 fill it right full to the brim, — May the glo - ry of Nel - son ne'er



vo - tion, There's none can com - pare un - to thee. Thy —
 da - tion, Bri - tan - nia rode safe thro' the storm. With her —
 with - er, Nor the star of our na - tion grow dim. May the —



man - dates make he - roes as - sem - ble, With the —
 laur - els of vic - t'ry a - round her, When so —
 Ser - vice u - ni - ted ne'er sev - er, And —



gar - lands of glo - ry in view; Thy ban - ners make tyr - an - ny
 nob - ly she bore her brave crew; With her flag float - ing proud - ly be -
 both to their col - ors prove true; The ar - my and na - vy for



trem - ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue!
 fore her, The Three boast of the red, white, and blue!
 ev - er, The Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

CHORUS

When borne by the red, white, and blue!
 The boast of the red, white, and blue!
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

When
The
Three

borne by the red, white, and blue!
 boast of the red, white, and blue!
 cheers for the red, white, and blue!

Thy ban-ners make tyr - an - ny
 With her flag proud-ly floa - ting be -
 The ar - my and na - vy for -

trem - ble,
 fore her,
 ev - er,

When
The
Three

born - by the red, white, and blue!
 boast of the red, white, and blue!
 cheers for the red, white, and blue!

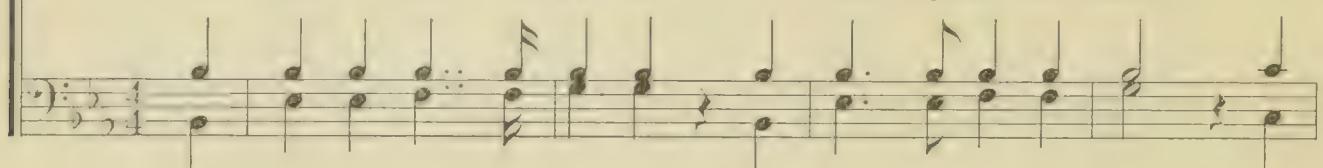
The Dominion Hymn

Duke of Argyle

J. N. Eagleson

Moderato (*with breadth and dignity*)

1. God bless our wide Do-min-ion, Our fa-thers' cho-sen land, And
 2. Fair days of for-tune send her, Be Thou her shield and sun! Our
 3. In-her-i-tors of glo-ry, O coun-try-men we swear To



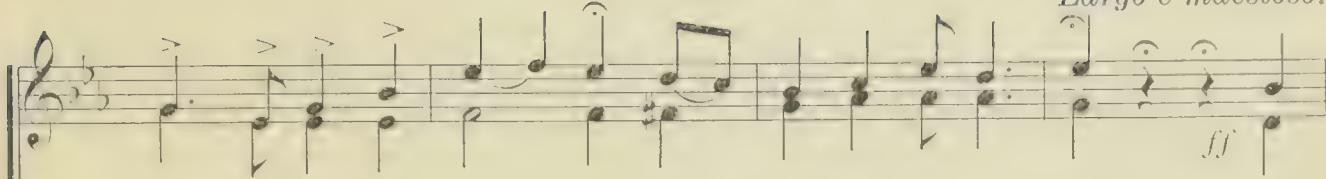
bind in last-ing un-ion Each o-cean's dis-tant strand. From
 land our flag's de-fend-er, U-nite our hearts as one! One
 guard the flag that o'er ye Shall on-ward vic-t'ry bear; Wher-



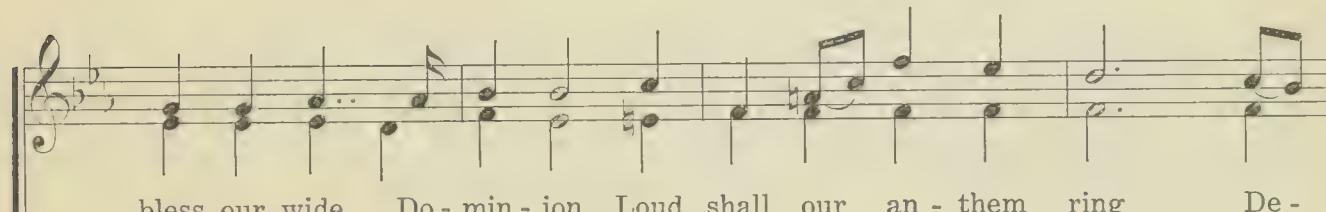
where At-lan-tic ter-rors Our har-dy sea-men train, To
 flag, one land, up-on her May ev-ry bless-ing rest! For
 e'er thro' earth's far re-gions Its tri-ple cross-es fly, For



CHORUS
Largo e maestoso.



where the salt sea mir - rors The vast Pa - cific chain. Oh,
loy - al faith and hon - our Her chil-dren's deeds at - test. Oh,
God, for home, our le - gions, Shall win or fight-ing die! Oh,



bless our wide Do - min - ion Loud shall our an - them ring De -



shall ring



fend our peo - ple's un - ion, God save our Em - pire's King.



O Canada! Our Fathers' Land of Old

His Hon. R. Stanley Weir, D. C. L.

Recorder of Montreal

Maestoso e risoluto

C. Lavallée

1. O Ca - na - da! Our home and na - tive land,
2. O Ca - na - da! Where pines and ma - ples grow,
3. O Ca - na - da! Be - neath thy shin - ing skies

True pa - triot love in all thy sons com - mand.
Great prai - ries spread and lord - ly riv - ers flow.
May stal - wart sons and gen - tle mai - dens rise;
With How To

glow - ing hearts we see thee rise, The true North strong and
dear to us thy vast do - main, From East to West - ern
keep thee stead - fast through the years From East to West - ern

With glow-ing hearts we
How dear to us thy
To keep thee stead-fast

cresc.

free; And stand on guard, O Ca - na - da, stand
sea, Thou land of hope for all who toil, Thou
sea, Our Fath - er - land, Our Moth - er - land! Our

Chorus

aye on guard for thee (for thee.) O Ca - na - da!
true North strong and free! (and free!) f O Ca - na -
true North strong and free! (and free!) O Ca - na -

O Ca - na - da! O Ca - na - da! We stand on guard for
da! Ca - na - da! O Ca - na - da!

thee. O Ca - na - da! We stand on guard for thee.

God Save the King

Henry Carey



1. God save our grac - ious King, Long live our no - ble King, God save the
 2. Thy choic - est gifts in store On him be pleased to pour, Long may he



King; Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - ous,
 reign; May he de - fend our laws, And ev - er give us cause



Long to reign over us, God save the King.
 To sing with heart and voice God save the King.



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